

# The Grail

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THE GRAIL is edited and published monthly with episcopal approbation by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Rev. Hilary DeJean, O. S. B., Editor. Subscription price \$1.00 a year. Canada \$1.25. Foreign \$1.50. Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U. S. A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, section 1103, October 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

## FATHER ABBOT'S PAGE



GAIN comes the time of year when eager boys write to the Abbey to tell of their ardent desire to study for the Holy Priesthood. At times visitors to our Minor Seminary who see our juniors of only fourteen years wearing the cassock like the older students in the Seminary, wonder whether such little lads really are big enough to know whether or not they want to be priests. I wish such persons could read some of the letters that come to my desk. They would find out how clear and definite some of these lads are in their choice of vocation. In their confidential way they go on to tell how for several years they have entertained the desire to be priests. They add that now they have finished the eighth grade and would be ready to come to the Minor Seminary in the fall.

Then follows the sad part of so many letters. In spite of the fact that these boys would like to come, their parents are poor and cannot pay the tuition. Some little lads have business instinct enough or ambition to search after ways and means out of their difficulty. They inquire whether there isn't a scholarship available. They ask whether they could work out their tuition. Indeed, we have scholarships but only a very few. These are a great boon to a few boys. Unfortunately the course of study for the priesthood is too intensive to permit students to work their way through the Seminary. Their only chance for earning is during the short summer vacation.

We try as much as possible by special rates or even whole-hearted charity to lend a helping

hand to deserving boys. Yet, our own charity cannot include the entire number of earnest, yet impoverished would-be students. Here is a chance for someone to please our dear Lord by real charity of a kind that will bear rich fruit some day. Perhaps no one of the readers of this article would be able to build up a scholarship. Perhaps few could adopt a poor student and become a kind of spiritual uncle or aunt to him. But surely there are some who could at least help the lad through for a week or a month. With many thus working together, some poor boy would be able to stride onward towards God's Holy Altar through such accumulated charity.

Now just what does it cost to help a boy through the Minor Seminary for only one week? To take care of a student's full expense of meals and lodging and tuition for one week, costs only \$8.65. Dear Readers, if you desire to carry one or the other student through one or more weeks of his studies in the Minor Seminary, you need only to send your check to the Abbey or to me personally, and I assure you it will be placed where it will make some boy's heart glad; perhaps your help will be just the balance of help necessary to give him the start necessary to achieve a high and holy aim.

Yours most cordially

*+ Ignatius Esser, O.S.B.*

Abbot.

# *A Pair of English Martyrs*

(Recently canonized)

*Lambert Nolle, O. S. B.*

## THE FAMILY LIFE OF ST. THOMAS MORE

(Continued)

THE children were all highly gifted, especially the oldest, Margaret or Meg, later on, Mrs. Roper. He had them, as well as two adopted daughters, taught Latin and Greek by special tutors, and they were never to be idle; "work and study were to be their meat, and play only the sauce." Yet, above learning he always placed piety and goodness. When he was at court, he expected daily a short Latin letter or report from each. He made them also write Latin letters to Erasmus, which, though not corrected by anyone, were very much praised by him. When work and study were over, they entertained themselves with music. When the daughters became married, the five married couples remained at their father's house with their children up to the number of eleven. Thus Margaret's husband, William Roper, the author of *Sir Thomas' first life*, was able from his own experience to give us many homely details. More lived himself very simply, but was generous to his family, his many callers, his servants and tenants. He visited the poor and sick of the parish both at home and at the hospitals, left money with them or had suitable food sent to them from his own kitchen. His adopted daughter, Margaret Gings, was his chief helpmate in this charitable work. That his example of piety made a great and lasting impression on his household, we need not be surprised. He wrote most affectionate letters home when he was abroad on embassies or detained at court, often after midnight when his tasks were finished.

At the beginning of the meals at home he said grace in the monastic way, then there was some Latin reading of holy Scripture and some commentary on it, the latter being sometimes supplemented by explanations of his own. Then followed conversation, which was in Latin when a stranger was there; that it was always witty and interesting we know from the many visi-

tors who enjoyed the hospitality of the house.

His domestic chapel was much used by himself and the members of his household for private devotions. Here he obtained almost by a miracle the cure of his daughter Margaret, when she was dying of the sweating sickness; for the doctor all at once bethought himself of a remedy which before he had forgotten. She was especially grateful to her father for having saved her husband from heresy. The young lawyer had been taken off his feet by some early books of Luther's. His father-in-law had used his skill, knowledge, and piety to make him see the truth, but it was in vain. Then he used that most powerful means which also Saint Benedict recommends to the Abbot in hopeless cases, namely, prayers. These cured the young man of his folly and made him afterwards a staunch Catholic and a most loving and creditable son of the Chancellor.

Although More's possessions were confiscated when he was imprisoned, yet there seems to have been a singular temporal blessing on his descendants. Lately their number has been stated as 132, but in time more will be discovered. The male line has died out with a Jesuit Father, also called Thomas More, in the year 1795. But in the female lines we find members of well known English families, even of the highest nobility, namely, the Catholic heirs of Lord Herries; among the latter are the dowager Duchess of Norfolk with three daughters, and her son the Premier Duke of England. One of the male ancestors of the present Duke, who bore the same title of Duke of Norfolk, was very friendly with Saint Thomas More, and after yielding to the king's unjust demands, tried to persuade also his friend to take the oath, saying, "The king's anger means death." Sir Thomas replied: "Is that all, my Lord? Then it only means that I shall die today and you tomorrow." The Duke had twelve years later also been condemned and only escaped the execution because Henry VIII died on the eve of the day fixed for it. Which of these two

ancestors will the good Catholic Duke appreciate most?

#### ST. THOMAS MORE AS A WRITER

It would be an impossible task to give an account ever so short of the writings of our Martyr, as his works fill several volumes and treat of a number of subjects. They show his large amount of knowledge, his great command of the English and Latin tongues, his literary skill in arranging the matter in a clear and impressive way. Whilst the style of his Latin writings provoked the admiration of the continental scholars, his own countrymen see in his English works the beginnings of modern English literature. To us they all reveal his character of a thorough good Christian.

His best known work, written in Latin, but later on translated by others into English and also several other languages, is his "Utopia." It has been much misunderstood and misinterpreted as the first recommendation of Communism. It is true he describes in the words of a supposed Portuguese a communistic state; but it is to be found "Nowhere," for this is the meaning of the word Utopia. Such a state would be successful and possible only if all its citizens had the supposed virtues of the Utopians. More depicts to us a community founded on pure natural law, in order to show off the unnatural and unchristian dealings in the Christian commonwealths. With a fine satire he states the fact that in England "sheep eat men." He points out that the landowners act criminally against the poor population, because, owing to the high price of wool, they turn the fields into pastures, rob thereby farmers and labourers of their employment and livelihood, turn them as beggars into the streets, hang them for theft, and by making wheat scarce and dear are doing injury also to the poor townspeople. In a similar way he indirectly criticises the administration of the country by servile courtiers and counsellors who are flattering the tyrannical monarchs and are helping them to overburden the citizens with taxes.

It would have been unsafe for any writer at that time to point out these abuses directly.

When, in consequence of Lutheran influence in England, some writers held up the defects or misconduct of some clerics as a reason for relinquishing the Catholic faith, More (who in proper places did not spare clerical offenders,) objected to attributing the faults of a few members to the whole clergy as a class. He pointed out that the proportion of evildoers amongst English priests was considerably less than that of one Judas amongst the twelve Apostles, and he maintained that, as a body, the English clerics and regulars would come out well in a comparison with those of any country. When the slanderers could not deny that the monks used their possessions for giving generous alms, they tried to attenuate the fact by saying that they

did so from the properties given to them by benefactors, More asked the question, from which other sources could they be expected to give alms as they had given up all their rights of possessing anything of their own.

More knew that the English writings both of the heretics as well as his own would be read chiefly by the opulent citizens and landowners. Therefore he used

his opportunity of showing how they themselves were responsible for many faults of the clergy. There had been for centuries in England the laudable custom of hearing Mass daily. In order to secure for their families a convenient time for Mass, either earlier or later than the Mass in the parish church, well-to-do families, instead of endowing a chaplaincy, had become accustomed for the sake of cheapness to have a priest in their house who had no other spiritual obligation but to celebrate Mass for them, either in their own homes, or in a nearby chapel, or at a side altar in the church. Owing to the wars, the epidemics, and general poverty, there was a scarcity of priests sufficiently educated and trained in habits of piety. In consequence these gentlemen often presented to the bishops young men

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#### 'Tis Love that Will the Battle Win

WALTER SULLIVAN, O. S. B.

'Tis love that will the battle win;

Lift up your head, my soul.

'Tis love that purges out the sin;

'Tis love that will the battle win.

'Tis love that lets your Savior in.

Rise up and reach your goal.

'Tis love that will the battle win;

Lift up your head, my soul!

# The Lovely Enigma

## CHAPTER 5

"I've got something to tell you later, Aline," Laurence whispered as they took their seats in the front, under the red, blue, and yellow lights.

"I'll be anxious to hear it, Laurence!" For a moment she was worried again. What had he talked about with Mr. Mason? But the beauty and newness of Ravinia Park put an end to her more serious thoughts. "Isn't this just heaven? Everyone looks so pretty! The trees over there are swaying in the evening breeze and a wonder of art in song and music about to come! I was about to say that it would be a perfect place to write, but I'm afraid it would be so heavenly it would be better for contemplation than actual writing."

"Here come two friends of mine. Miss Aline Randall, Mr. Wells and Mr. Larson." Laurence spoke hurriedly.

After a few sentences of general talk, Mr. Wells turned to Aline.

"Laurence does not care much for opera. One wouldn't need to care at all for opera to sit through one with you. He has been cheating on us. My sister is having a dance soon. I hope to see you there. Ah, it is about to begin. See you both later." And as the curtain rose for 'the Secret of Susanne' the two young men left.

"Come, we'll go get a drink before the next opera," almost commanded Laurence as the curtain dropped on the one-act opera. He didn't wait to applaud, but quickly left the seats and walked under the trees to the soft-drink parlor in the Park about a half block away.

"But—Laurence—" she had begun. When they were seated at a small table with sundaes ordered, she began again, "Oh, it was beautiful. As the curtain fell, though Mr. Wells or Mr. Larson waved for us to wait, you wouldn't let me explain."

"Oh—did he? Well, he'll understand. I'm sorry. Did you really like it?" Laurence wasn't quite at ease this evening. Every now and then he cast anxious glances about him, as if he feared being seen. Oh, why was he so

wealthy and she a governess? Why did social conventions exist? Why couldn't love just be everything? She didn't blame him. Of course his friends would think it odd—his being out with the house's governess.

"I asked you if you really liked it?" she heard him repeat as she stared at him dazedly. Her thoughts had ended with a bounce.

"Oh, so perfectly I am still amazed at the beauty of all things combined. I believe for that short space I was the most happy I have ever been! How Susanne did fear her husband's learning she smoked. Laurence, do you approve of women smoking?"

"I think most of them do it just to be cute, to go over big with the men, so I couldn't admire that. Glad you were so happy; dashed if I was."

"Why weren't you?" Again those cruel thoughts came back—he was ashamed of being seen with her.

"No particular reason I guess. Ready? We'll be getting back."

They reached their seats just as the curtain rose for the first act of 'La Vita Breve'.

"Wasn't it weird and different?" she murmured at the conclusion of the first act. "I like it better than the first opera, though of course it's an entirely different type. Laurence, here come your two friends. Do they know I'm a governess?" This last question just had to be asked.

"Yes," he replied vexedly.

"Do you like it?" asked Mr. Wells.

"I just love it!" Aline replied with a forced enthusiasm—forced because Laurence was vexed at something.

"You'll do me the honor of attending some of the few remaining operas to be given this season with me?" asked Mr. Larson.

"I'm a busy person, writing poetry and everything," she evaded, trying to be joyous. Was Laurence mistaken? Didn't they know she was hired at the Mason household? What was that she had heard in college—when desperate, try to see the humorous side, be nonchalant?

*Amedea Patricia Bortolotti*



"You could write better poetry here, couldn't you? if I were quiet?"

"Ah, how impolite you would have me be!" she replied.

"I should be content to look at you; there is no politeness necessary where there is an agreement between friends," he answered.

"You are a born flatterer," she announced. "And I'm truly such an innocent victim; you have me believing you!"

"Have you your car, Laurence? or will you drive with us?"

"I have my car, thanks."

"See you later; we're going to get a drink." They left.

"I like Mr. Wells." Aline said innocently. "Who is he?"

"Most people do like him. He's a college friend of mine. Haven't seen him for quite some time."

"You're acting so unusual tonight. What's the matter?"

"Nothing, I assure you. I guess I am, though. I'm very sorry, Aline, and you do look so beautiful. I never told you that before. I want to speak to you, but I also want you to see Ruth Page dance. She dances at the beginning of this act. We'll watch and then leave. I want to talk to you over there under the trees. We can hear the music from a distance and it's very alluring."

"Very well, Laurence." No doubt he wanted to get away before the end so that he wouldn't meet any more of his friends.

On his way back to his seat Mr. Wells presented Aline with a box of candy. She accepted graciously and he promised to ring her soon.

Amidst the great applause following the special number of Ruth Page, Laurence and Aline left. Laurence found a bench back among the trees and they sat down.

"What is it, Laurence?" she asked, placing a hand on his arm.

"We can't go on like this!" he burst forth suddenly.

"I suppose not—I mean, I am sure we cannot."

"I can't be having my friends meeting you like tonight."

"I realize that. I suggest that we never go anywhere together again, and that you avoid me around the house and I'll avoid you."

"No; that won't do. I'm rich. I'm considered quite a catch by most girls. I've got everything to give that any young man could have. We can't go on—I want you to marry me."

"I won't." Aline replied firmly and was astounded at her own words.

"Why not? You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. I'll be as good a husband as Larson or Wells or anyone else you can find. You'll have money, clothes, engagements, friends—what more do you want? Why won't you have me?"

"You have asked me. I'll tell you. Kindly remain quiet until I am finished. I won't marry you because you aren't good enough for me! That's why. You're the finest specimen of conceit I've ever met and I have met many. You have bought everything you ever wanted. Your money or anything else you have to offer can't buy me because I'm not for sale. You think by marrying me you can raise me to your class, therefore make me good enough for your friends. I'm too good for you, and did I marry you I would be lowering myself not raising myself to your equal. I would not have cared about convention did you always treat me as a governess. That was all and is all I ever intend to be in your eyes. I could have admired you if you merely realized my position. But I can never forgive nor cease detesting your throwing it aside only to throw it into my face, show me my inferiority (what you think my inferiority) and ask me to comprehend how fortunate I am in being asked to marry such as you. I never thought you my better, but I did regard you as my equal. I don't now. You're a shallow, conceited, silly boy. I pity you. In spite of the examples you see about you daily, you have that wrong idea that wealth makes a person higher. I'm not claiming wealth and hired people can mix and marry, but I am claiming that wealth does not make one better than another, and that I am not to be purchased as wife nor do I see the great honor you offer me. What more do I want? I don't want any of that—I want love, a spiritual as well as a carnal love—a full love, and a man of character, good character. I want a man who will think he is fortunate in obtaining my love, just as I'll feel I am blessed in gaining his love. You have been rude, sir. You might have been more kind. Would

you mind if we went back to hear the remainder of the opera?" Aline arose. She was mistress of herself. She meant what she had told him, every word of it. Had she seen it coming? Yes, the realization on his part that she was not his equal. But this conceited proposal—she never thought so low of him. Was she sorry? No, now she could detest him. He was worthy of her loathing him.

"Aline, I didn't mean what I just said. I want you!" He grabbed her hand.

"Well, your money can't buy me," she retorted angrily. Then she calmed down and sat beside him. "Wait, I want to tell you something. I deserve this. Once at college when I was a freshman I scorned a poor little freshman who used to wash the floors and all such just to get through college. I felt I was better. She liked me, as it happened, but I scorned all her requests to go walking with her, or to have tea with her. That offer to buy me tea should have pleased me, knowing how hard it was for her to scrape together a few cents. Still I couldn't force myself to consider her as worth much as a friend. Sister Prefect noticed it and called me to her. She did not tell me outright but she told me a little story. She said that were we passing a great big church we would not feel called to decorate it, or were it filled with people we wouldn't feel so inclined to stay with a lonely Master in the Tabernacle. Did we pass a broken down church with a plain altar and had we flowers to give, we might place them before the altar. Were it a torn down chapel on an unknown road, visited seldom, we would kneel a moment with a very lonely humble Master. Sister went on to say that we are all temples of the Holy Spirit—some grand temples, some torn down chapels in need of flowers and a little care. She ended by saying that most of the girls were stately chapels who didn't need much care, but that this poor girl was a torn down, lonely chapel. Wouldn't I try to decorate it and make it a more happy one? I never forgot! May you never forget to be kind to those less wealthy. I'm not speaking for myself—we're through, but for others! Make them feel as fine a chapel as you. I don't ask you to join yourself with every humble chapel. Leave it a chapel by itself,—but adorn it a little by your kindness. Will you take me home, Mr. La Claire?" Aline was calm, dreamy, half-sad.

"Certainly Aline. Aline—will you listen to me—just a while?"

"What can there be to say? I'm still Aline and you're still Laurence. We've both made mistakes. I'm not angry with you. Come." She arose again.

They rode home in silence. They went into the house and to her room in silence. She had not showed him the poem: she held it in her hand with the box of candy. His room was down the hall. He must leave her. What should she say?

"What is that?" he asked, pointing to the tablet.

"The poem I wrote today." Aline shoved the tablet under her arm. "Well, goodnight—and—and—thank you!"

"My God! Aline, you can't care so little for me! You can't mean what you said about we're being through!"

"I do," she replied and could say no more.

"You didn't care as I cared?" he burst out.

"No—I didn't want to buy you. I didn't care that much," she retorted.

"Aline—I want you and I'm going to have you!" he declared.

"I don't want you to have me, and you won't," she announced.

"Don't you care for me at all?"

"For you as I know you, no one would care for you."

"You accepted my invitation tonight," he challenged.

"Yes, I didn't know you as well as I do now. I assure you I'll pay you for the things and the ticket. However, thank you for your trouble and your kindness." Aline had a hand on the door knob.

"I didn't invite you as an enticement. I don't want the money or thanks. I want you—honorably and decently."

"Yes, I appreciate the fact that you offered me a fair bargain and not an insulting one. Oh, Laurence, please—we're just through, that's all. At least you've not been disrespectful, although you were unadmirable and conceited. I've been the same, so I can't dig it into you anymore. I hated myself after I knew—I hope you do too. Goodnight, Laurence. In a week or so you'll be better off and glad it all happened. It had to come. I must go. Goodnight

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# Philosophy---Obstacles to True Philosophy

Gabriel Verkamp, O. S. B.

**H**ISTORY of Philosophy shows that philosophers did not at once come to a knowledge of philosophical truths. Only after a long time did the truths of philosophy become known. Some truths were known sooner than others. A great deal of discussion, arguing pro and con and observation are necessary before philosophers can be satisfied that they have reached certainty in any particular problem. Thus, for instance, it took a long time before philosophers were convinced of the existence of the soul. And after they knew of the existence of the soul a new question presented itself: where does the soul come from? Again it took a long time before this question was satisfactorily solved. Even the great mind of St. Augustine did not yet know how to answer that question.

History of Philosophy also shows us that different philosophers have given contradictory answers to the same questions. That is why we have false and true philosophy. The fact that there are contradictory opinions has produced a spirit of skepticism in some minds. Some said it does not make any difference what opinion we hold, others said it is simply impossible to possess truth with certainty. An ancient philosopher expressed his skepticism in the following way: "I deny that we know, whether we know anything or nothing at all; we do not even know what knowing and not knowing is; no, not even do we know whether there is anything or nothing at all." Anyone infected with such a spirit would not make much philosophical progress. Since it is of the greatest importance to have true philosophy it is necessary to know what are its obstacles. If a philosopher does not reach the truth there must have been some obstacle in the way.

In order to discover the obstacles to true philosophy we must observe the philosophical process. Man has been endowed with certain faculties for knowing—the senses and intellect. There is still another great faculty in man—the will—which is an impelling force. It itself does not know, but still has a powerful in-

fluence, for good or for bad, in the search for truth.

In order to come to a knowledge of things the faculties for knowing must be put into operation. Nature has placed in man an instinct of curiosity. In this way his senses are easily aroused to activity. Man looks around to see, he turns his head in different directions to hear and in a similar manner makes use of his other senses. There is no great difficulty in this. It does not take much will-power to do this. In fact it may take a great deal of will-power not to be too curious with the senses.

The highest faculty in man—the intellect—is also aroused to activity very spontaneously by a desire to know and understand, especially things that are easy. But there are some truths that are not so easily understood and nevertheless are of great importance to man. Here man must use his will-power and compel the intellect to study. But to use will-power in order to overcome difficulties is not agreeable to man. Hence he frequently neglects to use his intellect because he has not the will-power. In others words he is mentally lazy. Laziness, therefore, is a great obstacle to philosophical endeavor. It takes more will-power and energy to perform difficult intellectual work than to do manual work. Give almost any student a choice between an hour of manual labor and an hour of diligent application to study and he will probably choose the hour of manual labor.

But a man may not be lazy and still have obstacles. Man's faculties for knowing are by nature limited and imperfect. They may be more perfect in one man than in another. Thus one person has a keener eyesight than another, one has sharper hearing than another, and one also has a more penetrating intellect than another. No amount of will-power will help the man who is color blind to see certain colors, and no amount of will-power can force a man to understand truths that are beyond him.

The intellect must be trained and proceed from the simple to the more difficult. Just as  
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# Why Not Tell the World?

Mary Fabyan Windeatt



ON June 15 of 1935 I was graduated from a California State College—one of several non-sectarian institutions scattered throughout the State and supported by public funds.

For the most part the years spent in this school were pleasant ones. Along with the academic life proper there was much of value in social contacts and various student activities. But what was the most outstanding lesson of all, as well as most lamentable, sandwiched in between Elizabethan Drama and history of the South American Republics, is the puny regard which so many Catholic young people seem to possess for themselves and their religion.

Whether all the virile student adherents of Catholicism are sequestered in private schools or not I do not know. What I do know is that for three and one-half years I witnessed a portrayal of the most deadly type of apathy among physically mature Catholic students which seems shameful when viewed in the light of the militant examples of Joan of Arc, Teresa of Avila and Cardinal Newman.

There seems no reason why any group of Catholics should be such back numbers. Is gelatinous spinal make-up really a prized monopoly? Have we all contracted flat feet and sore throat that we must stop, look and listen all the time? Are there no leaders among us who will put a little wholesome action into the life of our community?

On a July afternoon in the years 1769, from the first of California's historic missions, *San Diego de Alcalá*, an intrepid band of Franciscan padres with a few Spanish colonists and a scattering of Christianized Indians, set out to spread the word of God among the heathen.

Over hill and dale they went, and though the rigors of pioneering wore their strength and sapped their energy, there was no turning back. Slowly, painfully, *El Camino Real*, "The King's Highway", with its chain of adobe missions, extended northwards up the Californian

coast—San Luis Rey, San Juan Capistrano, San Gabriel, Santa Barbara, San Miguel, Santa Clara, San Francisco de Asis, San Rafael, San Francisco Solano—a glorious victory for men who were out for action—Catholic action.

Today in this same California, in this very State sanctified by the labors of Junípero Serra and his brethren, there exists a number of secular institutions of higher learning, at one of which I obtained my A. B. degree. Beside the seven State Teachers' Colleges there are also four large universities and a number of smaller independent colleges. In all of these institutions there is a certain percentage of Catholic enrollment, and small though it may be, it is representative of the Catholic Church to the student body at large. Rightly or wrongly, as the years progress, a number of Protestant young people gain their individual views on Catholicism by the action, or lack of action, of these Catholic students. But do these Catholic students seem perturbed by any such responsibility?

Three years ago when I was a student in one of the larger Californian colleges, an attempt was made to organize a Newman Club. These clubs exist in most of the non-sectarian colleges and universities of North America so that Catholic men and women students may have a chance to become acquainted.

What happened in this particular instance?

At first there was the usual amount of interest such as attends any innovation; presently enthusiasm waned, then dribbled out entirely. Today in this same college the Newman Club, which might have been an agent for much good, is dead and buried, stifled by that dreadful indifference which seems to grip Catholics at large, not only in schools but in everyday life. One might almost be convinced that amongst us cooperation and enthusiasm have been forever mislaid.

One girl when asked to belong to the ill-fated Newman Club just mentioned, made the following illuminating remark:

"Oh, I suppose it's my duty, but what a duty!"



Hobnobbing with that bunch of lost sheep! Why, all they do is drift!"

Is it at all surprising that with this unwillingness to cooperate socially, this sense of apologetic apathy, this self-applied watery stigma of inadequacy, Catholicism in non-sectarian colleges should be such a myth and a nonentity?

In most schools one finds societies of various sorts. Some honorary, for those intellectually inclined, some social, for those who have professed interests in art, music, journalism, foreign languages, international relations, dramatics and natural sciences. Of late years there have also sprung into existence organizations for those interested in sports—swimming, rowing, fencing, tennis, golf, basketball, track, archery, football, and all the other activities which comprise the curriculum of physical education in the modern college. All of these organizations offer opportunities for social contacts invaluable in themselves alone, without even considering the splendid health results accruing from sponsored physical activities.

But do we find Catholic young folks interested in taking an active part in these groups, or in any groups, and in making themselves leaders—*Catholic* leaders? Generally speaking, no. There are exceptions, of course, but I have seen it happen so often that the people prominent in college doings, people with initiative and skill, pep and personality, are people who have no religious convictions at all, save perhaps a comfortable slippers-by-the-fire blend of agnosticism and good will. While they act and organize and generally establish themselves as outstanding leaders in school life, their Catholic fellows are on the sidelines, leading law-abiding moral lives it may be, but painfully vapid ones as well—a state of affairs which is more than likely to continue when school days are over and gone.

I talked over this matter of the back number Catholic with a friend, shortly before we were dismissed from our Alma Mater with a hard earned scroll of parchment and an undeserved barrage of speech making. This young man, twenty-four, a conscientious student majoring in history and political economy, no home, no parents, working his way through college by washing dishes in the cafeteria, had been "rushed" by a fraternity—or in other words, had been asked to join a social group of men students with approximate tastes and abilities.

He had refused, without the slightest hesitation.

"Money?" I asked him, taking this for the primary reason.

"Well, perhaps a little", he admitted, "but that's only part of it. The real reason is that I prefer to spend my free time in my own way, not with a lot of people. Let them have all the brass trumpets. I'll grind my little old hand organ!"

Sensible? Maybe. And yet in that particular fraternity there were undoubtedly some members with very distorted views on marriage and divorce. And others who never studied history but from the most one-sided texts. And still others who labor under a multiplicity of delusions. This young man would have had a fertile field indeed against which to pit his personality, his beliefs and his learning, whatever might have been his loss in other respects.

While engaged in the writing of this article, I had the good fortune to meet an old friend whom I had not seen for many years. This man is a widely-known attorney, a Catholic, and one whose opinions are valued by many. I showed him what I had written and asked him what he thought about Catholics and their participation in the life around them—in college, in business, in politics, in the neighborhood. He came to the point, *my* point, at once.

"We need more leaders", he said bluntly. "We need more people who have it in them to get out and work and mix and make themselves and their Church better known. We need to stop being wall-flowers. We need to forget ourselves and get busy on some concerted action in the field of community dramatic productions, choral societies and young people's clubs. And while we are doing all these grand things, we need the spotlight of publicity—lots of it!"

Is he right? I feel he is, for it has long been my contention that Catholics have been too retiring, not only in the one Californian college of which I speak, but in the general walks of life as well.

It is the recognized privileges of the rich man to indulge in a leisurely relaxation from work. Generally speaking, he has reached his goal and if he chooses seclusions and retirement from the world at large, few there are who really feel surprised. They would do the same thing, too, if they had the chance. But

who is there who believes for a moment that society would prosper if composed entirely of such men? The world needs workers.

And yet there exists today a large body of Catholic men and women, who, as far as their religion is concerned, are continually exercising this prerogative of the millionaire. They may be conscientious enough as individuals in the practice of their religious duties but when it comes to making a vital issue of Catholicism and bringing it out into the daylight of public regard, into the scrutiny of neighbors and conversation of associates, the lily of the valley mechanically becomes the most apt of symbols and fortitude takes refuge in the ash heap.

Not for them the ardor of the crusader—save in the synthetic splurges when U. S. C. tangles with Notre Dame and Max Baer flattens out Carnera to boost the Children's Milk Fund. The rest of the year the lavender remnants of the pioneer spirit wallow in non-earned slumber and Catholicism becomes identified with news reels of the Holy Father, antipathy toward birth control and the present drive for respectable and intelligent motion pictures.

It does not seem to be identified, as it should be, with thousands of fine American citizens—tradesmen, doctors, lawyers, artists, teachers, musicians, nurses, secretaries, engineers, architects, fathers, mothers, children—throughout the land. Too many of us are sitting within our mental mansions content to let the milkman and the mayor, the postman and the plumber, remember us as just the quiet family in the house around the corner.

We have no business being so secluded. Too long have we been on the wrong side of the fence, and it is about time that several thousand of us emerged from our oblivion to show the stuff of which we are made. Certainly we have no skeletons to hide. Or are Hollywood, divorce, nudist colonies and Russia the only topics deserving of publicity and prominence?

Looking back on my recently completed college course, I have a wish that I had been more active in extra-curricular affairs. Apart from editing the school magazine and writing a weekly column for the newspaper, my activities were very limited. What Catholic friends I had also seem to have been infected with similar indifference for few of them were at the helm either. We did our school work and then went

to the beach or saw a movie or listened to the radio. Next year no one will remember us as particularly outstanding. We didn't do any leading. No—the people who were aggressive and energetic and wide-awake were generally the adherents of the "new" ideas in philosophy, government, religion. We just sat in the sun and minded our own business—that meritorious accomplishment of our forbearers during these many years—apparently content to be considered as near-equals by our tolerant and democratic classmates.

Of course there were occasions when we ceased to be submissive and found ourselves forced into vehemence by self-styled science students; or by some little minds that had taken a week-end excursion into anthropology and come back slightly sunburned; and once during a lunch hour I found two of my Catholic friends under a campus palm surrounded by some choice exponents of "open mindedness", while those hoary old bromides—escaped nuns, indulgences for sale and the Spanish Inquisition—were slit up the middle and served in small pieces.

But who could expect to be so prettily baited all the time? Propaganda against the Church is more often undercover and sly, wherein lies considerable of its malice. And it is because of this very thing, this *subterranean* tunneling of pagan forces, that we ought to unite and start to work.

Work? At what? Principally in group activities—music, drama, study clubs, sports, contests; and not just little minor affairs with only the pious parishioners in evidence. We need everyone participating and giving of their best. We want the world to know we are out of the *chaise longue* stage and all set to go places and do things.

Centuries ago there was a man who had the kind of pep we need today. His name was Peter the Hermit and his slogan was "God Wills It!" Riding on a donkey through Europe at the close of the eleventh century, he aroused the Christian people to such indignation against the Turkish desecrations of the Holy Land that knights and peasants, poor men and kings, united in a strong determined band, and with "God Wills It!" for a battle cry, succeeded in freeing Jerusalem from the Moslem yoke.

(Turn to page 111)

## Whiter Than Snow

Joseph Battaglia, O. S. B.

WHITER than snow! Certainly, very happily said. This beautiful phrase occurs in the opening ceremony before the principal Mass on Sundays. This ceremony is called the *Asperges* because the prayer which the priest says while sprinkling the people with the holy water begins with the words *Asperges me*. If the Mass is sung, the choir sings this same prayer; translated into English, it reads: "Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, O Lord, and I shall be cleansed: Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow."

This figure of speech, which originally occurs in the psalm *Miserere*, was drawn by the composer of this penitential song from the Jewish services under the Old Law. Persons and objects to be cleansed were sprinkled with hyssop—that is, a bunch of leaves from an Oriental plant—dipped into lustral or purifying water. Holy Mother Church in the ceremony of the *Asperges* applies these words literally to holy water because of its purifying effects.

Although the whole ceremony of the *Asperges* takes place before the eyes of the people, the actual blessing of the water is usually not seen by the faithful. For this reason as also because holy water is so widely used in the liturgy of the Church, it will not be out of place to describe the blessing of it. The ceremony at present in use for the blessing of holy water is performed at any suitable time or place. There are only two things to be blessed, two of the most common things in nature—water and salt. Both are significant: the water is a symbol of that cleanliness and purity for which we as Christians must strive; the salt, of that heavenly wisdom with which we should season the "meat" of our human nature and thus preserve it from corruption by sin. The priest vested in surplice and purple stole (the color of penance) makes the sign of the Cross on himself and immediately begins to exorcise the salt. "Exorcise," that is, by the divine authority of the Church he again and again conjures and commands that the devil depart altogether from the salt as well as all places where it will be sprinkled. Then he repeats this exorcism in

the form of a prayer, praying that this salt may be for the health of mind and body of all who use it. After this he exorcises the water in very much the same way. Lastly, with a prayer on his lips, he mingles the salt with the water in the form of a triple Cross and concludes with a final powerful prayer.

Now to return to the sanctuary, to the ceremony of the *Asperges*. The priest first sprinkles the altar in the form of a Cross, then himself, and then the people. What, it will be asked, is the meaning of each of these sprinklings? The Church would have the celebrating priest sprinkle the altar to indicate that the place upon which the Most August Sacrifice is offered should be clean and holy; by blessing himself with holy water the priest is forcibly reminded that he should be pure and holy; and the sprinkling of the assembled faithful shows that they should assist at Mass in a becoming and reverent manner. But more than this. As a sacramental holy water can produce in us effects truly salutary. In virtue of the prayers of the Church and our own spirit of faith and repentance it can obtain for us actual graces and even the remission of venial sins for which we are sincerely sorry. Briefly stated, the purpose of the *Asperges* is to prepare us to assist worthily at Holy Mass. To this end also the priest while sprinkling the people prays the first verse of the psalm *Miserere*, so full of sentiments of humility and contrition.

A mystical explanation of the ceremony of the *Asperges* claims attention. The altar symbolizes Christ. The priest stands at the altar as the mediator between Christ and the people. By the sprinkling of the altar and then of the faithful the Church would express the doctrine which teaches that the faithful are members of the mystical body, of which Christ is the head.

During the Easter season the *Vidi Aquam* is sung instead of the *Asperges me*. This prayer reads: "I saw water flowing from the right side of the temple, Alleluja; and all to whom that water came were saved, and they shall say Alleluja, Alleluja."



# Within the Circle of the Benedictine Family

Placidus Kempf, O. S. B.

## THERE is more than a kernel of truth in the old saying: "Life is what you make it." Although a Divinity may shape our end, that is, although Divine Wisdom may plan the course of our life and assign to us the place we are to fill as a unit of creation, it is our own free choice of the means to reach this end, our wilful cooperation with the divine help that makes of our life the success that God intends it to be. We are what we make ourselves. And what we make of ourselves depends to a great extent on the view we take of life—its meaning or purpose, its duties and obligations.

## Our Bond of Relationship

Each one of us is a member of the divine household. In a family (confining ourselves to the male members only) there are the father, the son, and the hired servant (and in Roman life, the slave). In the divine household God, the Author of life, is the Father. We, then, stand to him in relationship either as son or servant.

St. Benedict is eager that from the very start of our spiritual schooling we should realize in what manner we are related to the Head of the household, Whom he as abbot represents. Hence his first words to his pupils are: "Listen, my son, and turn the ear of thine heart to the precepts of thy Master." In his "school of divine service" "as well as in the school of perfection that Christ founded on earth, the Church, everything seems to hinge on this one idea of "son." Jesus Christ, the *Son* of God, became man in order to make of sinful mankind, of God's prodigal sons, faithful children and dutiful sons. He taught us to pray "*Our Father*", and not, our Lord, our Judge, our Taskmaster, as a constant reminder of our relation as *son* to our heavenly Father. Hence it is that St. Paul writes to the Romans: "You have not received the spirit of bondage again in fear; but you have received the spirit of adoption of sons whereby we cry: Abba (Father). For the Spirit himself giveth testimony to our spirit,

that we are the *sons* of God. And if sons, heirs also; heirs indeed of God, and joint heirs with Christ." (8:15-17)

We call ourselves the servants of God. A son is also a servant of his father, but his service rests upon other motives and has different qualities than that of the hired servant or slave. A son does the will of his father out of his filial love for him. The hired servant renders service to his employer because of the pay he receives. The slave serves his master because he dreads punishment in the event of his refusal to obey. Love, self-interest, and fear, then, form the motives of these three types of service. The service that is instigated by love will be rendered willingly, promptly, joyously, generously, and will even anticipate the slightest wish of the father. The type of service that rests upon fear of punishment will be rendered grudgingly, tardily, sparingly. The service of the hired servant will look more to self-interest than to the good of the employer and will be a mere mechanical service. It is easy to see what type of service will please the head of the family most.

Again, there is the relation of the head of the household to these three classes. The son is considered a member of the family and is treated as such. He has a love-built and love-managed home where tender care is lavished upon him. In days of sickness he is nursed back to health by self-sacrificing love. The servant is not admitted to the intimacies of family affection and family confidences. He is hired for the work he has to perform. When he is too old to perform his tasks or becomes disabled in any way he is dismissed and another able-bodied man is hired to fill his place. The Roman slave was considered a beast of burden and rated as such in life and in death.

The servant expects no more than his stipulated wages and what the generosity of his employer may lavish upon him over and above his



regular pay. But the son has a right to share in the property of his father and eventually to take his place in the home. Hence St. Paul, in the same breath with which he reminds us that we are the sons of God, is quick to add "and if sons, heirs also." All that the Father has belongs to the son also.

The first words of St. Benedict to his pupils, then, are weighty words. They may be called the magic wand that changes the hard into the easy and the bitter into the sweet in the service of God. If we consider ourselves sons of God—yes, let us often repeat this truth so that it may make a deep impression upon us—we shall serve him out of love. Love gives without counting the cost. Love makes all things easy. He who loves finds all his tasks child's play. Only when we consider our duties as tasks do they become burdensome. When we make self-interest the motive of our obedience to God's commandments they are apt to become a galling yoke that cuts deep into our reluctant shoulders. It is this attitude that makes the Catholic faith with its obligations, so opposed to the dictates of depraved human nature, irksome to one—the servant, whilst these same obligations are deemed a rare privilege by—the son.

### *A Pair of English Martyrs*

*(Continued from page 101)*

who could scarcely read the Latin of the Mass, who knew no theology, and whose vocation had never been developed or even tested. At the time we speak of some episcopal officials had indeed been strict in the admission of candidates to holy orders, but a number of old cases remained for a long time. What made matters worse was that these domestic priests were usually employed as bailiffs, stewards, footmen, gamekeepers, or coachmen. More tells the employers that the fault for all the evils arising from these arrangements lies with them. For, how are the priests to find time for further study, prayer, holy reading, meditation, and a really clerical life, if they are mixed up all day with the other domestics and have not even a room to themselves? And worse still, some squires dared to present such priests as parish priests for their villages. Whence are they to get the necessary knowledge? How can you expect them to lead exemplary lives, and how

can they influence the family, the servants, and the villagers if, owing to their former station, they cannot be looked up to by them with respect? The remedy lay with their own action, and mere abuse of the clergy would not cure the evil.

*(To be continued)*

### *Why Not Tell the World?*

*(Continued from page 108)*

Today we are not very much concerned with the eleventh century. This is 1935, and an era of stream lining and frigidaire. But we can still learn a thing or two from the year 1099, if we will. We can stop being so backward in community life and show the world a thing or two instead. We can stop looking for the magical push button which has been so omnipresent heretofore and turn the knob labeled "Work".

With the oil of cooperation on its hinges, we may find the door is opening for a wider recognition of us all.



THE STOLEN GAL

*(Prompted by a neighbor's persistent phonograph.)*

H. D.

Sitting one night alone in my room,  
I heard the strains of a mournful tune.  
An ebony man in accents blue  
Wailed of a thing he did most rue:  
"Somebody stole my gal away."

Now I don't know that man bereft  
Or the kind of gal that up and left.  
I only know he's very sad;  
While I think he should be most glad  
Somebody stole his gal away.

For a gal with love profound and true  
Won't let herself get stolen from you,  
So if someone steals your gal away,  
I'd let her go and let her stay,

Glad that  
Somebody stole my gal away!

## The Editor's Page

# THE PASSING ONTH



E gets most done who doesn't try to do so much.

To my mind, one of the most valuable lessons we are possibly going to get out of the great depression is that a man is, after all, not a machine but still a creature of flesh and blood. And as there is nothing in animated nature that works with the tirelessness of a machine, so it is against the nature also of humans to exact of them a machine's capacity.

As the burden of years mounts over one's head these days the inescapable truth is brought home to him with increasing force that the world and its people have undergone a most revolutionary change in the last thirty years. And it seems to me that one cannot express this change any better than by saying that we have left nature and gone over to the machine. In doing so, the world thinks that it has advanced to the highest realization of all human needs; yet it may awaken some day soon to hear a billion human souls crying for a savior to break to them the bread of which they have been deprived; to find that, amid all this efficiency, man still has a human

heart—a heart that has been starved, a broken heart.

These and other sad and weighty reflections arise in one's mind from observation of the many aspects of civilization's new complexions; "the old order changeth and giveth place to new;" things that were are now no more. Some of them were bad and ugly; some were good and sweet. It is these we should bemoan. Like Jeremias we lament the fair Jerusalem that was and is no more.

I invite you, then, to drop a tear with me at the passing of the promenade. With the dear departed buggy ride it seems to have passed from the lives of men. Ford, Chrysler, and General Motors have cast the buggy into oblivion. We can understand that, though sadly at times, there are no roads for Dobbin. But we still have sidewalks and they are still open to pedestrians. And there are practically none of the old-time pedestrians to use them.

Come with me "on a Sunday afternoon" thirty years ago. Join your townsmen on the sidewalk for the promenade. Here is a group of young ladies; there is a family—children ahead, parents together in the rear; sweethearts bantering silliness pass us by.



## THE PROMENADE

"Where are they going? Why don't they ride? Why don't they hurry? What's the purpose of it all?" One can expect these questions from people of today, and they are very hard to answer, because the promenade meant something in life that we today have not: it meant a joy in simplicities, an appreciation of leisure in a leisurely way, a species of sociability unknown in most cities.

But what makes the promenade unintelligible today is that it was in no sense utilitarian. Today people walk for a definite purpose—to get somewhere, to hike for exercise; then, people had no such purposes; they simply walked among their neighbors because they liked to. Culture, refinement, a pride in their own appearance, in their neighbors, a desire to move about and chat, a general feeling of easy sociability—what else can I enumerate? I only ask you and you and you to try it.

But most of you won't, because you are imbued with a philosophy of life that has no patience with a time-consuming exertion that shows no results in business, money, social position—thrill; and because it's a pleasure that doesn't cost anything. I can well imagine the uncomfortable answers a father would get from

his family today if he announced at Sunday dinner (noon) that he with his wife were going to spend Sunday afternoon in taking the children for a stroll. The incredulous laughter of his sons and daughters would settle the argument soon enough. But, dear boys and girls, I can assure you that, because you can never be made to understand or want to promenade, something sweet and gracious has been taken from you.

However, as I stated above, the time is fast approaching when our philosophy of production, profit, and efficiency will be found to be the unhuman Frankenstein that it is. Leisure has already been forced upon us. And because we have not learned to use our time except for making money, we are bewildered in the midst of empty hours with no money to buy the only pleasures we desire.

So perhaps the day will come when on week-day evenings and on Sunday afternoons our depopulated sidewalks will again echo the murmur of leisurely promenaders, the walking-stick will come again into its own, people will "visit" on front porches, find a new delight in sweet neighborliness, in God's sunshine, and in the use of their legs.

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

# From a Science Notebook

H. S., O. S. B.



Hammerfest, Norway, is the northernmost city in the world. Although it lies nearly 300 miles north of the Arctic Circle, its average January temperature is only a little below freezing. This is due to the proximity of the Gulf Stream.

Song birds have extremely high pitches. Some notes are beyond the range of audibility of the human ear.

One of the highest singers among birds is the grasshopper-sparrow. His highest note is D, eight octaves above middle D. His average pitch is C, eight octaves above middle C.

Grass should never be cut shorter than an inch and a half, since it is necessary to leave enough standing to afford shade for the roots. Carelessness in this regard results in yellow and brown spots on the lawn. The grass should be cut often enough so that raking the lawn is unnecessary. The clipped ends make a good mulch when left on the lawn.



The average American travels about 3,000 miles annually.

A cubic mile of ocean water is said to contain about \$10,000,000 worth of gold and about \$100,000,000 worth of bromine.

Pound for pound, the soybean yields twice as much protein as meat, four times that of an egg, wheat and cereals, and twice that of navy beans.

Air sickness, the airplane's kin to sea sickness, is quickly relieved by breathing into a paper bag. Carbon dioxide, exhaled from the body into the bag and then inhaled again, is what gives relief. Holding the breath as long as possible is also beneficial.

A French auto firm offers a phosphorescent car as a means towards safer night driving. It is visible for half a mile.



Cellophane coin wrappers enable bank tellers to count the money without unwrapping the rolls.

The wood used in making violins must be carefully selected. For the back and sides of the instrument properly seasoned maple with a curly or flamed grain is used. The belly is made of spruce with a rather coarse and even grain. The type of grain in the wood is of utmost importance. If the grain of the backboard, for instance, is straight, screeching tones are to be expected. An irregular grain with fibres running in all directions insures a smooth and pure tone.



It takes about three years to construct a steamship like the huge Normandie.

Some 4 per cent of male motorists and some 2 per cent of female drivers are color blind.

Special spectacles have been designed for the color blind motorist. The upper part is made of filter-glass. Through these glass a red traffic light looks black; the green appears unchanged.

An inch of rain over an acre of ground is equal to about 27,143 gallons of water. It would weigh over 113 tons.

A new time-keeping instrument, made in London, has erred only six-thousandths of a second in six months.



There are more than 10,000,000 rivets, 4,000 miles of electrical wiring, and 50 miles of plumbing aboard the Normandie. Electricity generated aboard the ship is sufficient to supply the entire city of Boston.

A machine for making cream has appeared on the market. From two ounces of butter and twice as much milk the machine can make good cream for coffee at one-half the cost of dairy cream. Heavy cream, which is sold for about 22 cents, can be made for 9 cents. The cost of the machine is about \$5.00.

The linen in the palace of the British Royal Family is supposed to be worth about \$40,000.

As a result of the lower birth rate there are approximately 500,000 fewer children entering our schools each year.





## Query Corner

Conducted by Rev. Gerald Benkert, O. S. B.

*There is a general belief that the Last Judgment will take place in the Valley of Josephat. Must this be believed as an article of faith? What foundation is there for this belief?*

Although the fact of the Last Judgment is revealed, the place of the Judgment is not an article of faith. The common belief that the Valley of Josephat will be the place of Judgment is based on a passage from the Prophet Joel: "Let the nations come up into the valley of Josephat: for there I will sit to judge all nations round about." (Joel 3:12) But no certain conclusion can be drawn from this text, since "Josephat" in the Chaldaic language also means "God is Judge", and the particular place designated as the Valley of Josephat is uncertain, although many identify it with the Valley of Cedron near Jerusalem.

*Since Christ said as a symbol, "I am the vine", could He not also have meant the words "This is My Body" as a symbol?*

Certainly He could have; but as a matter of fact He did not. When Christ said, "I am the vine", the whole tenor of his words and actions indicate that He meant this as a figure of speech. But when at the Last Supper He said, "This is My Body", He meant exactly this and nothing else. In the first place, Christ was fulfilling the literal promise made at Capharnaum that He would give His Flesh to eat. Secondly, the clear, concise wording of His sentences, the circumstances under which they were spoken, demand that we understand them literally. Thirdly, if Our Lord had meant them only in a figurative sense He would not have permitted the Apostles and the whole Church to be deceived for nineteen centuries on this basic doctrine. Many Protestants claim that Christ meant "This symbolizes My Body", and that He used the word "is" only because the Syro-Chaldaic language in which He spoke does not contain a word meaning "symbolize." But Cardinal Wiseman completely exploded this opinion by pointing out that the Syriac language contains more than forty words which could be used for "symbolize".

*Mention some of the passages of the Bible which state that Heaven will last for all eternity.*

After describing the Last Judgment Christ added: "the just (shall go) into life everlasting" (Matt. 25: 46). St. Peter and St. Paul speak of the glory of Heaven as "a never fading crown of glory" (I Peter 5:4), "an incorruptible crown" (I Cor. 9:25), "an eternal weight of glory" (II Cor. 4:17).

*Please explain these words of the Gospel: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away." Do they mean that Heaven will not last forever and that the happiness of the saved will not be eternal?*

No. These words of Christ cannot have a meaning which would openly contradict his doctrine on the eternal happiness of the just. Heaven here means "the heavens", which together with the earth forms the material universe. Our Lord tells us that His doctrine is unchangeable and eternal, not perishable like our material universe.

*Would it be permissible for a non-Catholic girl to act as maid of honor at a marriage of two Catholics which takes place in church during Mass?*

This is largely a question of terms. The Church requires only two witnesses at a marriage; these two should be Catholics. Social custom permits other attendants to add pomp and solemnity to the marriage ceremony. For good reasons a non-Catholic should be a simple attendant at a Catholic marriage, such as maid of honor or bridesmaid, provided she does not act as a witness or take any other active part in the liturgical functions and provided no scandal would be given to the people. Since all of these circumstances must be considered it depends upon the pastor of the church where the marriage takes place to decide in each individual case whether or not a non-Catholic may take part in a Catholic marriage ceremony.

*Is a person allowed to go to confession over the telephone? Does he really receive the Sacrament of Penance if he tells his sins over the telephone?*

Why not broadcast over the radio? The principle involved is the same. When our Lord instituted the Sacrament of Penance He did not tell us to communicate our sins by wire or wireless. However, in a really urgent case where a priest could not otherwise be reached a penitent could confess his sins over telephone, although he would not be obliged to do so. But to receive absolution he would have to repeat this confession by some sign or word in the presence of the priest. The priest cannot give absolution over the telephone. The most that he can do is to try, and he is not allowed to do this except in an extreme case where he could not possibly reach the penitent. This answers the second question: if the priest cannot give absolution over the telephone, the penitent does not receive the Sacrament of Penance, since absolution is an essential part of the Sacrament.

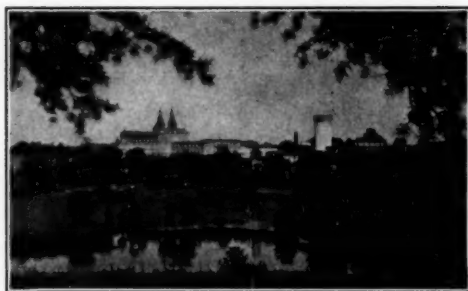
*In articles and pamphlets on the Catholic faith I have often met the phrase "rule of faith." What is the meaning of this term?*

A rule is a means of measuring. The rule of faith is the means of determining what belongs to the Catholic faith. This rule of faith is the Word of God which is contained in Holy Scripture and tradition and interpreted by the living authority of the Church. Here is a point on which the Catholic Church differs vitally from Protestantism which holds that the rule of faith is the Bible alone as interpreted by each individual.

*If God gives everybody a chance to live a good life and gain Heaven, why does he not give the babies who die before Baptism a chance to gain Heaven?*

This is God's business, not ours. Heaven and the grace to obtain Heaven are purely gratuitous gifts which God does not owe anyone; it is perfectly in keeping with God's infinite goodness and justice whether God gives this gift or does not give it. That God does grant unbaptized infants some kind of natural happiness is commonly taught by Catholics. If God does not give certain souls the altogether gratuitous privilege of enjoying supernatural happiness, that is a decision of God's infinite wisdom, not a matter for our finite minds to criticize.

## Echoes from



## Our Abbey and Seminary

—Up to June 23rd there were frequent rains and cool weather. The wheat was ripe but the farmers could not get into their fields to harvest the grain. In their plight the members of the local parish betook themselves to prayer. On Sunday afternoon, June 23rd, a procession was held out of doors after Vespers to beg for good weather. The priests and the clerics of the Abbey chanted the Litany of All Saints while the people recited the rosary. Upon the conclusion of the litany and the prescribed prayers that are given in the ritual, there followed appropriate orations for good weather and the so-called "weather blessing" with a particle of the holy cross. After this came Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, the Litany of the Sacred Heart, and Benediction. There was no more rain until seven days later when we had a torrential downpour accompanied by an electric storm with much thunder and lightning.

—On the afternoon of Pentecost, June 9th, the Most Rev. Joseph E. Ritter, S. T. D., Bishop of Indianapolis, came for the annual ordinations. After Vespers a class of children was confirmed in the Abbey Church. That same evening at 7:30 the *Juramentum* was administered to the ordinands and the tonsure was conferred on a class of thirty-eight, who received the minor orders of ostiary and lector during the Bishop's Mass the following morning. At the same Mass a class of thirty-two received the minor orders of exorcist and acolyte, while twenty-six young men were advanced to the subdiaconate. After Mass His Excellency drove over to Loogootee to preach at the silver jubilee celebration of the Rev. Joseph Gerdon, class of '93, as pastor of Loogootee. Father Abbot and three or four of our senior Fathers were also in attendance at the jubilee.

—The great day of ordinations came on Tuesday, June 11th. Twelve of the previous day's subdeacons were promoted to the diaconate: the Rev. Messrs. John Betz, Conrad Gohman, Vincent Grannan, Clement Hut, Richard Kavanaugh, William McLaughlin, James McMahon, Leo Schafer, Thomas Mindrup, Daniel Nolan, all for Indianapolis, and two Benedictine clerics for the Abbey: Fr. Robert Morthorst and Fr. David Duesing. While the outgoing class numbered fourteen, the Rev. Messrs. Albert Schmitt and P. Hobart Spain were ordained some days earlier. The Rev. Messrs. Harold Ritter, Lawrence Fettig, and Theodore Janicki received the order of priesthood from their respective ordinaries on June 15th. The Rev. Mr. Anthony

Roach, who had the misfortune to break his foot, and Fr. Columban Reed, O. S. B., who had to wait for solemn vows on August 6th, were both put on the waiting list. The latter is scheduled to receive the subdiaconate at Ferdinand on August 12th, the diaconate and the priesthood at the cathedral in Indianapolis on August 13th and 14th respectively. His first Mass is to follow at the cathedral on the feast of the Assumption. The remainder of the class are now Fathers Anthony Hillman, Thomas Seccina, Anthony Schmitt, Raymond Seibert, Carl Herold, and John Kraka, who belong to the diocese of Indianapolis, and Father Augustine Edele, O. S. B.

—A dozen or more of the Reverend professors of the seminary are pursuing higher studies at various universities this summer. Fathers Anselm Schaaf and Theodore Heck are at the Catholic University; Father Cyril is continuing his course in history at Fordham; Fathers Rudolph and Augustine are attending the Pius X School of Music in New York; Fathers Jerome and Gilbert are spending a second summer at Indiana State University; attending Loyola and DePaul Universities in Chicago are Fathers Dunstan McAndrews, Alfred Baltz, Hubert Umberg, Joseph Battaglia, Hugh Schuck, and Gerald Benkert. Father Walter Sullivan was to have joined this latter group but illness forced him to the hospital at Louisville instead.

—Father Theodore Heck successfully passed his examination in June at the Catholic University for the doctorate in philosophy. The Ph. D. was consequently conferred upon him at the graduation or commencement exercises. Father Theodore's dissertation for the doctorate, "The Curriculum of the Major Seminary in Relation to Contemporary Conditions," makes a book of 160 pages that are bristling full of information.

—The summer retreat, which was conducted by Father Elmer Eisenschenk, O. S. B., of St. John's Abbey, took place the week after the close of school. Fathers Fintan Baltz and Daniel Madlon came down from the missions at Stephan and Marty, South Dakota, to be renewed in spirit. Father Albert Kleber gave the retreat at St. John's during Pentecost week. At the end of June he gave a retreat also to the Benedictine Sisters at Ferdinand. He is now engaged in teaching religion at the summer normal course which is in progress at Ferdinand convent.

—Again this summer a group of seminarians is spending the summer on our Dakota Indian missions (Turn to page 121)

## OUR BROTHERS

### THE CONTACT

March 20, 1935

Dear Confreres: In the Monastery Breviary, at the top of the page of the Office for the Feast of St. Joseph are the following words: "Qui Custos est Domini sui, glorificabitur." Translated into English: He who is the protector of his Lord shall be glorified. In considering the life of St. Joseph and his relation to the Blessed Virgin and the Christ Child, it struck me that his labors find a beautiful counterpart in the activities of the Brothers of the Monastery. How impossible would be the studies of the Fraters and the work of the Fathers through whose ministrations Christ daily becomes present anew in the Mass and abides in our tabernacles, if it were not for the numerous activities of our Brothers. Just lately all our Brothers stepped up a degree higher. It came about by the death of the Senior, our lately lamented Brother Giles. His departure puts Brother Aloysius in the rank of Senior. Only last fall Brother Giles felt that he was not very far from the end of his activities, therefore he desired to come home to the Monastery to spend there his remaining days and to depart thence to the eternal home. The time of waiting was not long. At about 4:20 P. M. March 4 the entire Community escorted our Eucharistic Lord amid the chanting of Psalms to the bedside of Brother Giles. Holy Viaticum was administered and the body broken with well nigh 80 years of life and earnest service was anointed. During the ceremony from the place where I knelt in Brother's room I chanced to glimpse upon the humble little wooden trunk in which Brother had brought home with him from the Mission the few little articles required for his use. The trunk stood under the bed on which Brother lay. I could readily understand his willingness to go into eternity since there was so little to hold him to this land or valley of tears. In spirit I thought of the numerous Redskins at whose own anointing and funeral he had assisted the Missionary Fathers during so many years. How glad they would be to welcome good Brother Giles. Brother had never made over himself a great deal. He was just a plain, blunt man, very patient, good natured, and gifted with a sense of humor. Years ago Father Ambrose had narrated to me how during the last years of our Father Jerome Hunt's life, Brother Giles was the faithful standby. In his helpless days Father Jerome needed many services. It was his good faithful Brother helper who hundreds of times interrupted his work to run upstairs in answer to the call of Father Jerome. In fact, Father Ambrose assured me that the services of those years rendered Brother Giles a martyr of charity. Let us hope that his death on March 4, 1935 was a promotion to a high degree of glory in heaven.—We did not start this letter with the intention of writing a martyrology, albeit some martyrs might be mentioned therein. Having mentioned the Senior past and present, we might just continue along the line of Brothers to see where they are and what they are doing. The new Senior, Brother Aloysius, or just "Brother Al" may feel a bit conceited with his new rank, yet he has not much opportunity to manifest or strut his seniority at this time. He is laid up with rheumatism, etc. Though his body is sorely handicapped, his spirit is far from being crushed. He still has the laudable ambition to get well and is willing to go back to work, yea is eager for a job. More health to him.—Among our surviving Brothers, Brother January comes second. Any one seeing him at work in his garden at MARMION would hardly believe that he will be 80 years old next September 25. He is not only a worker but a manager. During my visit at Marmion last month (in February, mind you) I learned that as a result of Brother January's industry the MARMION Community and students were enjoying fresh cabbage and other vegetables that the faithful Brother Gardener had

raised the previous summer and buried in the ground for winter use.—Now we come to Brother Philip. How many times you have eaten meals prepared by him! He can look back to more than thirty years of faithful service as Abbey Cook. At the age of 78 he is rounding out his service of the Lord by acting as Sacristan at MARMION.—The next man on the stage is Brother Clem. He too is up in years, being 79. During all these years he has learned to manifest a patience and friendliness that we all admire. Believe it or not the handicaps of age do not prevent his working. He has developed a most profitable hobby of making soap. Only last summer he manufactured 2500 pounds of soap. And they tell me the quality is first class. Just now we are wondering whether Brother Clem will still venture forth this coming summer on this fine hobby of his. As a side activity Brother also takes care of a small garden.—Who of us cannot easily visualize Brother Anthony the Sacristan of old. I like to think of him with his fine long beard as he slowly marched from side to side of the High Altar extinguishing those tall candles towards the close of each year's Tenebrae service. During recent years Brother Anthony has been occupied in the humble task of washing the Abbey's knives, forks, and spoons. But just now Brother is on the sick list and I am trying to cure him. He is a patient patient. Therefore I think he will soon be off the relief list and ready to seek work.—Sixth in order is Brother Benedict. For many years a gardener, of late years a sufferer. He stands at the head of the list of Monastery patients. He is beyond the years of work, but not too sick to pray. With a half dozen rosaries daily and bodily pains patiently endured he does his share of good for the Monastery.—Find if you can a more persevering boiler man and engineer than Brother Oswald. His life is almost that of a hermit. Faithful to his task, even through the night he sleeps close enough to the boiler to touch it in his dreams. During the night he rises from his sleep to keep the home fires burning while the rest of us are snug in our beds.—And now we concentrate our attention on our little shoemaker, Brother Odilo. A cheerful little cobbler is he. Somehow he always seems to have the alertness of a boy. Perhaps he doesn't exactly want us to reveal that he is almost 78 years old. Many more years to you and your cheerful spirit, Brother Odilo.—When your clock stops, stop at Brother Alphonse's. Yes, he is our watchmaker indoors and our bee keeper outdoors. For years he has supplied the Abbey with honey. More power to him in this sweet occupation. We should be glad to have even more honey, and I wish we had an available young Brother who might learn the mysteries of the bee in time enough to succeed Brother Alphonse in this department.—No. 10 is Brother Placidus, our present Abbey Sacristan. He is a man that is always busy, and cleanly as well as zealous. He is always busy. I sometimes wonder how he can know the calendar so well and be so admirably prepared for any liturgical emergency. He is a faithful custodian of the House of God.—Hello, Brother Mark. You are next. For the benefit of those outside we want to tell them that Brother Mark is still our butcher. Rather he is the man in charge of the Packing Plant. We don't call it Slaughter House any more; that is too common a name and too closely connected with bad odors. I will defy anyone to show me a sweeter and cleaner packing plant than the Abbey Dell Packing Plant. Even the surroundings are well kept and adorned with hedges and young trees.—With regret we must inform you that Brother Maurus is still at St. Vincent's Sanitarium near St. Louis. May God come to his assistance and correct his ailment.—Next in line we have a philosopher. It is Brother Martin.

(Turn to page 124)



# The Home Circle

## Eucharistica

Listen to the sweet, pathetic words of our Lord to Peter, when He manifests Himself to His disciples after His resurrection: "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me . . . ?" Can you imagine the tall, majestic figure of the God-Man, beautiful beyond compare, standing before His creature, and asking such a question? What humility and condescending love is contained in these words! He stands before each of us in the same manner, asking the same touching question: "Mary, lovest thou Me?" or, "Edward, lovest thou Me?", or John, or Margaret, or whatever our name may be. He loves each of us personally, and daily He comes knocking at our hearts, asking for some small token of our affection—and do we give it to Him? How many of us thrill to the pronouncement of His name, or the thought of His goodness, or take to heart His invitations to come to Him and take from His hands the gifts with which they are loaded?

In what better manner could we answer His invitation than by going to Mass daily, or at least once or twice during the week, not just waiting for Sunday, giving to God only what we must, under pain of mortal sin. Did we but know the immense value of one Holy Mass, we would all hasten to go every day without fail, for every Mass shortens our Purgatory, draws down blessings upon our household and all of our undertakings, prevents many misfortunes which might otherwise befall us, supplies for many of our negligences and omissions, and diminishes the power of Satan over us.

When we kneel daily at Mass, we are like the hundreds of angels who cluster about the altar, invisible to us, yet adoring our Lord with profound love and fervor; we kneel in their midst and thus engage in the angelic work of adoration, beginning on earth what we will do for all eternity in Heaven. As His creatures, we ought to take pleasure in remaining on our knees before Him, thanking Him for our very existence, and striving to be what He wants us to be—children of God.

## Mother Most Pure

When a queen of the world is crowned, many and long are the festivities, great is the honor shown her, and her name is renowned throughout the realm. This

## Conducted by Clare Hampton

month we commemorate the crowning of our Queen Mother in Heaven, the maiden so beautiful that God Himself coveted her. Her beauty and purity made her stand out among all other maidens of the earth, and for this reason is she set up as a model to youth. What is more beautiful than a pure young man or maiden, and what more hideous and disgusting than young people who, as is the case today, throw down all modesty and reserve, and look upon convention as a nuisance and mere old-fashioned nonsense? They believe they are tasting of the so-called "new freedom" when they place no curb upon their speech or actions, when they drink to excess and then allow passion free play.

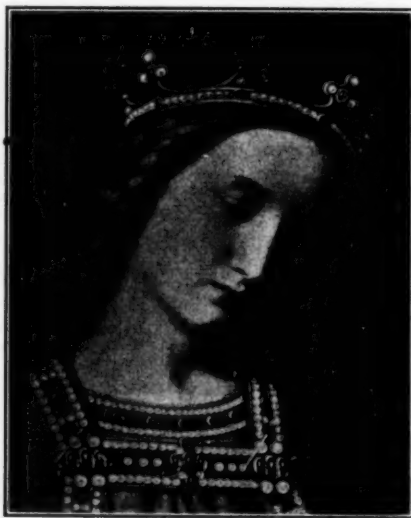
The pagan world of today laughs at the virtue of purity, and calls it "prudery"; yet Almighty God thought so much of that virtue, that only to one pos-

sessing it, did He give the unspeakable privilege of becoming the gateway of the Messias—His own Son. Our Catholic young people are thrown with the godless ones of today; often of necessity they must work with them, and, too, they meet at parties and dances. The world sets the pace, and, alas, many of our Catholic young folk eagerly follow its dictates; they are anxious to do whatever the pagan world deems clever. They are not always careful of the language they use, nor of the stories they tell; their dress is not wholly modest, nor do they drink discreetly. They go to too many Saturday night parties, and stay up late, coming to Mass bleary-eyed and half asleep—or not at all.

Our Catholic boys and girls ought to be an example to the world; non-Catholics soon take notice when a boy or girl refuses to do certain things because of his or her beliefs—and they respect that person. Our boys and girls should be standard-bearers to the world; many Protestants expect a great deal of Catholics, because of their strict beliefs. What a let-down then, to see them weakly indulge in the same things the non-Catholics do! Let them take Mary for their model, and never do or say a single thing she would not do!

## Cricket on the Hearth

We have canaries in cages, and enjoy their sweet twitterings, but whenever a cricket happens to creep into our homes and sets up his endless serenade, the housewife usually rises and gets her broom. "Where is that thing?" she asks, searching all the corners.





"It makes me nervous!" And she never ceases her relentless hunt until she has found the small musician and eliminated him. But have you ever heard of crickets in cages, kept for that same cheerful chirping that seems to make every American housewife nervous?

In Japan almost every home has a tiny cage made of bamboo, hanging on the doorpost, or in the living-room, in which a cricket is kept for his cheerful song. The poorest man may have one, for it involves merely going out into his yard and catching one, and slipping it into the small home-made cage he has constructed for it. Too, he places in the cage some green leaves or grasses, such as he thinks the cricket will like to eat. They serve in lieu of watch-dogs, except that they work backwards; while a dog barks if he hears a noise, the cricket will cease his song if someone walks across the floor. So the people who are used to hearing him chirp all day and night, will instantly waken if he stops. Not only in Japan, but in South America, Africa, Italy and Portugal the people like to have caged crickets and katydids around their homes.

If you will listen to the various insect voices in the summer, you will find many different ones. Some sing only at night, some only in the daytime, and some sing a different song at night than during the day. In China, cricket cages hundreds of years old have been found in the keeping of various families, and these are very elaborate, being made of gourds, with bronze or brass stands and caps, perforated with holes for air. The metal parts are of very artistic scrolling, and have the shape of lanterns.

### *Making Plant Cuttings*

In August it is time to prepare plants which one wishes to increase for indoor culture. There are several ways in which to do this, namely, by stem cuttings, leaf cuttings, root cuttings, root division, and layering. By stem cuttings is meant, taking a tip of stem four to six inches long, and cutting it immediately below a leaf joint. A good way to test the stem is, to bend it at the point where you wish to sever it; if it snaps in two, it will root easily, and should be severed at that point. If it merely bends without breaking, it will not root easily. A saucer may be filled with sand to a depth of one or two inches, and the cuttings laid in this, keeping constantly wet until the first small roots appear. Then pot at once.

Some plants may be propagated by merely selecting a large, fleshy leaf, cutting small notches in the veins on the under side, and laying it flat in a box of moist, sandy soil. Peg the leaf to the damp surface with a couple of toothpicks, cover with glass and keep out of the sun. Leave one end of glass slightly open for ventilation. In time little roots will drop down from the leaf, which may then be separated by cutting up the leaf and planting in pots.

Large, fleshy roots may be cut apart and each piece planted in a pot, with the tip just slightly below the surface of the soil. Other roots divide themselves naturally when the plant is lifted, and several plants may be had by dividing up the roots and re-planting.

Layering is done by taking several outside stems,

cutting an upward notch in them, about six inches from the tip, and inserting these in the ground without severing from the parent plant. Pack the earth solidly around them and keep well watered. When roots are formed, these separate plants may be cut away from the parent, and placed in pots. In all cases, the cuttings must never be allowed to become dry.

### *Household Hints*

If doilies that have been stored in dresser drawers a long time, have yellowed, dip them in water, and lay them, soaking wet, on the grass in the brilliant summer sun; as soon as dry, sprinkle them with water again until very wet. This operation repeated four or five times, will render the linens white as driven snow.

When using the rind of lemon for flavoring, use only the yellow part, as the white pith is often very bitter.

Clean piano keys every two weeks with alcohol; this keeps them white. If badly yellowed, rub with oxalic acid. Rinse with water.

If the edges of the throw rug are ravelling out, carefully cut off the loose threads, and then whip the edge securely with heavy gray linen thread. The raveling will cease.

For warm weather baking, purchase one of the portable blue sheet iron ovens, and do your baking over a burner of the laundry stove. It prevents the kitchen from heating up, besides saving gas.

For muffins, waffles and simple cakes, cream the sugar, shortening an egg together at once; the egg helps the other two ingredients to blend in a minute's time. Most housewives need these short cuts.

### *Recipes*

**GRILLED SARDINES:** For that tasty snack after the long evening motor ride, take a can or two of large sardines and lift them out carefully into a greased frying pan, lightly salting and peppering them. When grilled on both sides, pour over a sauce made of catsup, mustard and lemon juice. When hot, place between split finger rolls and serve with an iced drink.

**TWO—FRUIT SHORTCAKE:** For quick hot-weather baking, prepare a batch of pastry dough in the cool of the morning, and store in the refrigerator for use at a moment's notice. Using two fruits in one shortcake is a good change. Sliced bananas in custard on one layer, and sliced peaches in whipped cream on the second, is a heavenly combination. Or the custard may be used with both fruits, if no cream is available. Any two fruits in season will form an interesting cake.

**EASY INEXPENSIVE BOSTON CREAM PIE:** Cream one cup sugar with three tablespoons fat and one whole unbeaten egg. Gradually add one cup milk, then, a pinch of salt, two cups flour sifted with two teaspoons baking powder, and a teaspoon of vanilla. Bake in two layers, and fill with one of the package puddings in vanilla flavor. If a star is cut out of cardboard and laid on the top of the cake while sprinkling with powdered sugar, the design will remain when the cardboard is lifted off.

## Children's Corner

*Conducted by the Sisters of St. Benedict,  
Ferdinand, Indiana*

### *The Oval Picture*

The newly-weds were undecided where to hang their latest gift. It was a picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Joseph, the husband, wanted to hang it in the guest chamber; Mary, the wife, told him that it deserved the place over the living-room mantle. She said that a picture portraying One with such pleading Eyes and such loving, bleeding Heart deserved the best place in the house. Realizing that women know best about such matters, Joseph meekly placed the ladder in front of the mantle, and in a few seconds the Good Master seemed to smile down on the happy couple.

After hanging the picture, Joseph told his wife that he had an errand to do. In a little while he came back with some roses,—big, red roses that matched the red of the picture. Mary found just the right kind of vase among their numerous gifts. She placed the vase containing the flowers on the mantle, and on either side of the vase she set a candle in holders matching it. Both, Joseph and Mary were delighted with the effect, and they there and then agreed that this was to be the altar before which they would pray.

An altar it proved to be, for as the years passed, the laughter of children's voices rang through the house and the living room was the best loved place. It was before the picture of the Sacred Heart that the little family assembled every evening for prayer.

Throughout the month of June, month of the Sacred Heart, and July, month of the Precious Blood, the candles were lit for the evening prayer. It was a pretty scene to watch father as he led the devotion, and mother as she held Mary, the baby, while beside her knelt little John and the oldest child, Joseph. No wonder that this home was blessed with peace and happiness.

One evening in the month of July, Mary and Joseph were sitting in the living room. As usual there was the vase of red roses, which scented the whole room with their fragrance. Joseph seemed lost in thought as his gaze rested on the loved picture. Suddenly he said, "Mary,

it is fifteen years ago tonight that I hung that picture there."

Mary had really forgotten the exact date, but now recalled every incident of that evening. "Joseph," she said, "how good God has been to us! Look at our children. Joseph, the most successful in his class; John, who isn't so talented but is doing his best; and little Mary, who will make her First Communion this year and is so devout."

"Yes, Mary," replied her husband, "I'm wondering what Joseph will do next year. This is July, yet he has never mentioned high school. Of course, he wants to go, but I wonder why he doesn't speak of it."

It was then that their fourteen-year old son entered the room. His mother smiled as she said, "Joseph, you are the picture of your father when he was your age. How well I remember our graduation!"

The young boy remarked, "Well, mother, just so I'm like father in more than my looks." Then as he stood beside his father, he said, "Mother and father, I want to talk to you about something very important."

"Yes, my boy," responded both parents.

"I want—I want to be a priest," was Joseph's declaration.

It was a few moments before either Joseph or Mary could speak. Finally Mary said, "God bless you, my boy. We are very happy to know that God has called you. But tell us about it!"

Then Joseph told them how from a little child he had learned to love the Sacred Heart. Every morning he had knelt there before the picture to pray for his vocation, and as the years went by, he grew more and more desirous of working entirely for the Master. Then in a geography lesson his teacher had told the class of the life of the missionary in China. This had made such a strong appeal to him that he had decided to follow the life of a missionary.

At first the parents could not be resigned to see their son leave even his native country, but when he had told them more of the work among the pagan nations, they could not but give their consent.

And the scene ended with Mary lighting the candles, and John and Mary kneeling beside their big brother who would be a "missionary", and father leading the prayers, the Litany of the Sacred Heart, offered in loving gratitude to the Giver of all blessings.

### *Echoes from Our Abbey and Seminary*

(Continued from page 116)

catechizing the Indians and making themselves otherwise useful to the missionaries. Another seminarian, the Rev. Mr. Thomas Mindrup, is in Oklahoma with the Rev. Stephen A. Leven exercising his oratorical ability in street preaching. Father Leven, who paid us a visit some months ago, is meeting with much success in this type of mission work.

—Early in the vacation Abbot Ambrose Reger drove up from Cullman, Alabama, accompanied by Fr. George Salem. The latter will endeavor to master the art of bookbinding in our printery. After a brief visit with us, Abbot Ambrose went east.

—Father Abbot Ignatius left on the morning of June 29th for Conception, Missouri, to attend the annual convention of the Benedictine Educational Association, which was held from July 1st to 4th. He was accompanied to Conception by Fathers Fintan Baltz, who was on his way back to the missions, and Father Maurus Ohligslager, who represented Marmion at the convention.

—By order of the Most Rev. Bishop the Blessed Sacrament was exposed throughout the diocese on the last Sunday of June from the late Mass until after Vespers that prayer might be offered up for the persecuted church in Mexico. Half-hour vigils were kept by the priests, the clerics, and the brothers of the Abbey.

—The laymen's retreat will take place on August 9, 10, and 11, which is somewhat earlier than in previous years. Abbot Columban Thuis will conduct the spiritual exercises. Father Henry Courtney, who inaugurated the laymen's retreat movement at St. Meinrad in the summer of 1933, and who was here again in 1934, submitted to a major operation four months ago. Upon the advice of his physician he is resting up at Duncan in southern Oklahoma. In May of this year he lost his father, a fine Christian gentleman, the father of a large family, who dropped dead at his home in Denver. Father Henry, it will be remembered, conducted "Kweery Korner" in THE GRAIL until October, 1934.

—Among the recent changes among the priests of the community that have gone into effect the following are to be noted: Father Louis Fuchs was appointed to Dale to relieve Father James Reed, who became assistant to Father Francis at Huntingburg; Father Gregory Kunkel, who has been teaching at Marmion, is now assistant pastor at Ferdinand. He replaced Father William Walker, who has returned to the Abbey. Father Charles Dudine has also come back to the Abbey after spending the past year as assistant at Jasper. Father Urban Knapp, who taught at Marmion last year, has returned to his former charge at Jasper.

—Father Eberhard Olinger is helping out for the summer at Holy Name Church, Louisville; Father Thomas is relieving his brother, Father William Schaefer, for a few weeks at Wichita; Father Meinrad Hoffman shook the dust of the treasury from his shoes and forgot all about calculations and high finance while substituting during July for the pastor of St. Joseph Hill near New Albany; Father Barnabas Rodutskey went to "Four Corner" near North Vernon to fill a vacancy; Father Gabriel Verkamp is sharing pastoral duties at St. Paul's, Owensboro. Early in August Father Stephen will give a retreat to the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament at Marty, South Dakota.

—Abbot Paul Schaeuble, now chaplain to the lepers in the United States Marine Hospital at Carville, Louisiana, and Father Vincent Wagner, chaplain to the Little Sisters of the Poor at Evansville, both passed the fiftieth anniversary of their religious profession on July 19th. The community of St. Joseph's Abbey, over which Abbot Paul presided for twenty-eight years, celebrated the golden jubilee of its first abbot on July 9th. The solemn Pontifical Jubilee Mass was celebrated by the jubilarian. Present in the sanctuary were Archbishop Rummel of New Orleans and Bishop Jeanmard of Lafayette. The latter preached the jubilee sermon. The alumni of St. Joseph's Seminary assembled on that occasion for their annual meeting. Before he became Abbot of St. Joseph's Abbot Paul spent twelve years in parochial work in the city of New Orleans. The past four years he has been chaplain at Carville.

—Robert Doerr of Indianapolis, a student of last year's fifth Latin (freshman college), won first honors in the State of Indiana in a nation-wide contest that is being conducted in memory of the bimillennium of Horace, whose birthday is kept on December 8th. Mr. Doerr translated into verse an ode of the renowned poet. The winner in the national contest will not be announced until December 8th. Third place in the state contest was captured by a student of the women's college at St. Mary-of-the-Woods.

—The Most Rev. Thomas F. Lillis, Bishop of Kansas City, class of '85, will pass the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination on August 15th. There will be a private celebration in August with a public celebration of the event in September. *Ad multos annos!*

—The Rev. Michael Halpin, class of '03, pastor of St. Augustine's Church at Jeffersonville, died at St. Joseph's Infirmary, Louisville, June 13, 1935. Father Claude Ehringer, O. S. B., a son of the parish, and several other Fathers of the Abbey attended the funeral on June 17th.

—Another alumnus to pass to his eternal reward was the Rev. George Schenk, class of '15, who died in the hospital at Batesville, Indiana, June 16th. The funeral was held at St. Joseph's in Dearborn County, but the remains were sent to the old home at St. Philip, Posey County, for interment.

—Father Urban Knapp, O. S. B., mourns the loss of his father, who died at Jasper on June 24th—Bro. Novice Thomas P. Lloyd likewise lost his father, who died June 28th at Aurora, Illinois. Bro. Thomas attended the funeral.



*Philosophy---Obstacles to True Philosophy**(Continued from page 105)*

a man must proceed step by step to go upstairs so in the acquirement of knowledge he must proceed step by step. The understanding of one thing will help to understand another thing. This, however, takes time and application.

An imperfect understanding of certain truths is another great obstacle to true philosophy. If truths seem contradictory, then, since both cannot be right, the question is asked: Which one is right? Thus, for example, we have two contradictory truths when we say on the one hand that 'from nothing, nothing comes' and on the other hand that 'God created all things out of nothing.' If nothing comes from nothing then how could God make something out of nothing? And if in fact God did create things out of nothing, then the principle 'from nothing, nothing comes' seems not to be true. This has led some people to deny the fact of creation considering it to be an absurdity in the light of the principle that from nothing, nothing comes. Others had recourse to pantheism saying that God made all things out of Himself thus identifying the creature with God.

Here we see how an imperfect understanding of the principle 'from nothing, nothing comes' has given rise to doctrines that are absolutely erroneous and contrary to faith. A person must first perfectly understand what is meant by the principle 'nothing comes from nothing'. It may mean from nothing, nothing is formed or, again, it may mean from nothing, nothing is created. There is an enormous difference between formation and creation. Formation presupposes something that is being formed, just as a sculptor forms the statue from the marble. Creation means to make something without presupposing anything. Man can only form something, God not only can form something but He can also create, since infinite power can produce something without presupposing anything. If the possibility of creation is denied then also infinite power must be denied.

Finally there is an obstacle of a very vicious nature. In it the will of man plays an important part. Truth is objective, that is, a thing is true independently of man's mind. In order that the mind of man be in possession of truth

his mind must conform itself to the truth. The true philosopher must possess the virtue of humility. In his pride, however, man frequently will not admit the truth and tries to flee from it. Although man cannot make truth simply by his own will, nevertheless man has often tried to do so. This has given rise to subjectivism. False philosophers proclaim certain opinions as true which they merely wish to be true. They give sophistical arguments to support their contentions. There are some people who deny God's existence. Why? It is not so much a matter of the understanding. The person who denies God's existence does not say: "it is difficult for me to understand the truth of God's existence. I have thought over the matter with great pains and cannot come to the conclusion that God exists." The person who denies the existence of God does not do so because he has studied the matter profoundly. The obstacles do not come from the intellect, they come from the will. The atheist will not admit the existence of God, either because this admission would act as a restraint on his sinful life or because he could then not admit certain other truths which he wishes to hold. But the fact of God's existence is a truth whether man wishes it or not. Wishes and desires are of no importance in facing facts and truths.

A man with a perverse will, cannot be a true philosopher. His perverse will does not permit him to acknowledge certain truths. He would rather be a materialist, for sentimental and subjective reasons, than acknowledge the existence of God and of immortal souls.

On account of all these obstacles God had pity on man and revealed to him important truths which man could indeed have discovered by his own natural powers. But with God's aid it became much easier and thus not only a few but all men of good will can obtain a sufficient knowledge of the truths that everyone must know in order to work out his destiny. But the man with a perverse will even now is not in possession of the truth, because he deliberately turns his mind away from it. He is a slave to his passions, to his prejudices and to his preconceived subjective opinions.

Who is he, that approaching humbly to the fountain of sweetness, does not carry away with him some little sweetness?—*Imitation.*

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# A LETTER FROM FATHER JUSTIN

Immaculate Conception Mission School,  
Stephan, S. D.  
March 27, 1935.

Dear Readers of the Grail:

The Reverend Editor has kindly offered me the pages of the Grail as a means of getting acquainted with you. This letter comes from the heart of the Dakota Prairies; prairies once fresh and fruitful now brown and barren. The vast stretches of rolling green that once gave boundless range and limitless pasturage to myriads of buffalo, God's own bounty for the Red Man's domain, and in later years brought riches in fat cattle to the white man; the vast fields of wheat and corn and barley, nature's reward to the enterprise of the white man, all, all are made desolate. Stricken even are the trees that line the Missouri River and have dared the inland reaches of the creeks and draws, many are dead and more are dying. Three years of grasshoppers: a pair for each square inch of soil, a dozen for each stalk of wheat, two score for each stalk of corn, and thousands for every tree had made our prairies a desert. Came the drought of '34 and unfed by the life-giving rains from heaven, burned by the suns heat—at times 118 in the shade—baked by the hot winds from the south, our dear prairies, always inclined as they are to be rude and unthinking—now boisterously pleasant and generous, now frowning and stingy—had everywhere but one word for those who have clung to them in hope and even in love, and that word was "Get out."

Get out—it flashed afar from the high-peaked buttes, it moaned over the rolling plains, it sobbed in the valleys, it shrieked in the canyons, it wept among the trees: get out, go away. And at times all the chaotic forces of bewildered nature will get together and scream over the prairie (as this is being written we have had three solid days of this) picking up the soil from the ground and forming clouds unbanded in their reach, not the sweet clouds of high heaven that drop refreshing rain, but clouds of earth earthy, clouds dropping dust in all places, dust that buries the fences, seeps into the tightest buildings and covers floors deep with gritty filth, filth that gets into one's hair, one's eyes, one's teeth.

But we did not get out. We are not going to get out. From Christ our King we have received the command: "Go ye into all nations, teaching them." All about us we hear the voices of poor Indians, poor if ever man could be called poor, saying to us: "Stay with us. Help us." This very day an Indian of poor health and little strength walked here eight miles in the dust storm to ask for a little food. Cheerfully he remarked in Sioux: "I blew in, Father, like a tumble weed." But he had not blown in like the tumble weed that gallops before the wind, but with Indian patience had trudged against the storm.

"But where are your horses? You have a team."

"My horses, they are too weak from starving."

"Stay with us" say little Indian Children, more than two hundred of them, with large black eyes of trust and hope, "do not go; keep us here with you."

During forty-eight years the Benedictine Fathers from St. Meinrad's Abbey, St. Meinrad, Indiana, and

Benedictine Sisters from Sacred Heart Convent, Yankton, South Dakota, have stayed with and worked for these children of the Sioux, old and young; have given home, food, clothing, schooling, all care of body and soul to the Indian children so that today Father Pius, our veteran missionary, now sees sheltered within the Mission walls the children's children of those he first gathered from the wilds and for whom he founded a refuge almost half a century ago. He sees their numbers increased so that today more than two hundred little ones look to us for their all, even to their daily bread and that in a land where there is no bread. Where all must be bought or contributed: the coal that warms them in the long severe winter, the clothes that cover their weakened bodies, food that nourishes the strength we strive to build up by proper food; for lack of vitality and the ravages of tuberculosis bring many of them too early to pay the debt of Adam. All these things must be bought by money almost entirely donated by those who, believing in the words of our Blessed Lord and Savior that whatsoever is done unto the least is done unto Him, make a sacrifice that these little ones may have a little.

And today we are in dire need. Four years of pest and drought have made the land desolate. Years of depression have brought it about that gifts to these little children have become fewer and fewer. The struggle to carry on has grown ever harder. Our creditors who have supplied our necessities the last year want their money. I have asked for more time. But they want their money. I have tried to borrow, hoping for a better day, but can not satisfy the mortgage demands of the bankers. Still we must not, we will not leave them and we MUST have HELP. A dollar or two given by you who read my poor presentation of our cause will be our salvation.

Thank you for your patience with me. I shall now bore you no longer. Meet Sister Margaret Mary who will give you a few glimpses into our school life. She writes:

Boom, B-o-o-m. It was not a gun that was making all this dreadful noise but the new furnace which last fall was put into our class-room building. Did I say new? Yes it was a novelty to the ones who were pleasantly surprised last fall on being told that steam heat was to replace the smoky stoves. But in reality it was a second-hand affair. After disposing of our stoves and commencing to enjoy modern life there goes that "bang." And here we are with an icy class room and my sixty pupils crowding around a little cook stove and marching to and fro to keep from getting numb.

Well, the plumber came and after some hard work everything was apparently in order. We again were enjoying a cozy room. But our joy was not to last long for this tragedy repeated itself over and over, until Father Justin was told by the plumber that it is of no use to fix the old thing, but if he wants troubles to cease he will have to get a new one. This is more easily said than done.

To make the realities of pioneer days more severe we were surprised by a Dakota blizzard. The snow which had seeped in between the roof and ceiling started to melt. The latter being full of cracks gave



F. JUSTIN WITH SERVERS ON CORPUS CHRISTI

little resistance to the seemingly endless moisture which came drip, drip, dripping down into the tubs and pails scattered through the class-room. With joyful hearts we look forward to the milder days of spring.

Would you like some glimpses of the Indian children? Who could help but be thrilled and edified by the faith of some of them! At the beginning of Lent Sister was astonished to see Cecil Banks, a delicate little chap, who as a rule was the last one to get finished dressing in the morning, now not only dressed in time but even helping another little fellow lace his shoes. When Sister inquired the reason for this surprise he answered with big, glowing eyes: "I want to get something in my basket for Jesus." Then he went on to explain how they made Easter Baskets in the school room and how hard they are trying to fill them during Lent with good works which they do "just for Jesus," such as helping others or denying themselves.

Recently the children were asked to make a fifty-four days prayer for a benefactor who has promised to give aid to our Mission if his petition is granted. Each day a group of children are saying a special rosary for this man's intention. You should see the eager interest they show in reciting this daily rosary and hear others calling after those going to the chapel: "Be sure and pray with devotion so the benefactor gets what he needs so he will be able to help the Mission." And on returning they will ask each other "Did you pray with devotion?" One of the girls, Melissa Chase the Bear, went over to one of the Sisters and whispered with tears in her eyes: "Sister, I prayed so hard that I almost cried because I want that Father Justin gets help."

One evening as the children came down for supper Father Justin passed through the dining room.

"Good evening Father" could be heard from all sides.

"That sounds like a flock of sheep" remarked the Girls' Matron.

"Yes, Sister" answered Grace Sapangi, "the sheep are calling after the good shepherd."

Father Justin Snyder, O. S. B.

### *A Father of Twelve*

The Readers of the Kweery Korner of THE GRAIL under the editorship of Rev. Henry Courtney, O. S. B., will, no doubt, be interested in the following account of his father, Mr. Michael Courtney, who died at Denver, Colorado, in May of the present year. A recent issue of *The Ave Maria* in its Notes and Remarks says: "That Michael Courtney was 73 and that he read this magazine will not seem arresting; that he was the father of twelve children will. And that one son, Father Henry Courtney, O. S. B., sang his funeral Mass, and that six other sons were pallbearers are facts of comforting significance. Add, moreover, that three daughters—Sister Raymond of Wichita, Sister Ancillo of Cleveland, Sister Genevieve Clare of Detroit—are religious nuns. His wife, Christine Bock Courtney, survives her husband. When, as you munch your dry toast while reading your paper, you come upon a story of Hollywood's matrimonial driftwood—shames brought out of chambers, revelings

and fistics; when you read of social scions roistering to a broken wedlock without love or decency; when there comes to you—as there must—the nauseating vulgarities of husbands and wives who have not the reticence to withhold from the world the rags of their dishonored honor, pause for a little to gather comfort from Michael Courtney, father of twelve—one son a priest, three daughters nuns."

### *The Lovely Enigma*

(Continued from page 104)

again." As she turned to enter, he snatched the tablet from under her arm and hastened down the hall and closed and locked his door. After a moment's daze she entered her room. After all, what did it matter? That was this afternoon; this was past midnight—a different day!

(To be continued)

### *Our Brothers*

(Continued from page 117)

To me who have been in St. Meinrad for 27 years, he does not seem to have changed. Brother Martin has a reputation of knowing how to take care of himself pretty well without bothering other people. Perhaps I shouldn't publish it, but Brother Martin has been a faithful believer in cold baths and Wizard Oil. I almost had to smile when last year Brother Martin got something that neither cold baths nor wizard oil would take care of. He had the worst case of varicose veins for miles around and just had to go to the hospital. He is all right now though and as willing to work as anybody. He is determined to keep on his feet and be of service to the Monastery. May his kind increase. —Now it is useless to say anything about Brother Benjo because everybody knows him. It always strikes me that he looks mighty young for his age. I wonder whether he knows that he will be 59 years old next November. He certainly doesn't look it. No doubt it is his alertness in answering the phone bell and door bell that has kept him so spry.—No. 15 is Brother Gaul, a man with an unquenchable spirit. His body has grown stiff in some joints by exposure to all kinds of weather through his work, nevertheless he also has the spirit of a willing worker. One admires a man that won't give up just because of physical handicaps. —The Vineyard and Brother Wendelin are just inseparable. We can't think of one without thinking of the other. I am sure that in his care for the grapes he has often thought of the thousands of bunches of ripe fruit that have furnished the Mass wine which was to be transformed into the Precious Blood of our Savior. The Vineyard means much work and in spite of years Brother Wendelin still successfully supervises the activities there.—For the man with the congenial smiling countenance we now turn to little Brother George. When the folks at the Abbey home eat their beans and potatoes let them remember that it is the faithful Brother George that cleans and shines the pots and pans, wherein these and other things are cooked. It is lucky for us that we have someone who so humbly and steadily takes care of this important task.—When you come home on a visit to the Abbey it is Brother

Stanislaus who will set the extra place for you in the Dining Room. For a number of years now in spite also of bodily ailments Brother succeeds in keeping our Abbey Dining Room clean and orderly. We all know how to appreciate that by merely trying to think of a Dining Room in any other condition—Brother Innocent! He is a busy man! You simply would be surprised to see the amount of clothing that comes out of our Tailor Shop. Well, he is the Tailor in charge. It matters not whether you want a habit, a suit, or an overcoat, he is the man for that. A good fit and close economy are his watchwords.—Twentieth in line is Brother Fidelis, the Baker. He has acquired a reputation for good bread and plenty of it. Visitors often say they could make a meal on our bread and butter. Our Bakery is quite modern in its equipment. And Brother Fidelis understands how to manage to keep us well supplied with the staff of life.—Brother Paschal besides devoting much of his time to work in the Peeling Room keeps in mind the coming generations. He likes to plant trees. It always takes a man with forethought and hope in the future to do that. For some years past Brother has been cultivating fig trees. I hope he will be able some day to supply us with this choice fruit for table use.—Brother Ephrem classes among our sufferers. He has a number of ailments and yet manages to pull through various tasks. Besides being occupied in the Peeling Room he maintains order in the Minor Seminary Rector's rooms and in the Doctor's quarters.—Next in seniority comes Brother Camillus, the man who is responsible for general order and neatness in the Major Seminary. Women visitors have often expressed their astonishment at the cleanly appearance of both our Major and Minor Seminary. Invariably I tell them: "Well, that is because we have only men taking care of them."—Brother Conrad is the House Mechanic. He is capable in many lines, being able not only to build things out of iron and steel but also to cook a good meal. When anything mechanical gets out of order it is Brother Conrad that has to be called. Brother also has another task of prominence. He is Fire Chief in our Fire Department.—Brother Alexius has for some time been in charge of our Peeling Room activities. He also has specialized some in orchard work, and in a real pinch can render first class service as trained nurse. Taxidermy is also his line, and as a hobby of more recent years he has the tanning of hides, not in a figurative but in a literal sense.—Brother Gerard is trying hard to find hens that will lay golden eggs. He is in charge of the Poultry Department. Last year's financial report showed losses for the hens. Brother Gerard is determined to change this situation. Yesterday he grew very busy all of a sudden on the arrival of 1200 baby chicks for which he will now be responsible. We are all watching the Poultry Department and Brother is going to try hard to make good.—Brother Henry is Assistant Cook and the man that looks after our desserts. That is a sweet job. Brother Henry always keeps a serene countenance in spite of the press of activities.—Our sturdy Brother Herman is Assistant Cook and Cellarer. Once upon a time Brother lived in a German Abbey where he was occupied in brewing beer. He came to this country during the time of prohibition. He missed his beer after his arrival in America. Now however he is getting along well without it, having been weaned from this luxury.—Brother Francis is also from Europe. Though he can make shoes, he has for years been occupied in the packing plant. And he knows how to make good braunschweiger sausage and leberwurst.—Brother Wolfgang is in charge of our Vegetable Gardens. With the quiet perseverance of a hermit he produces supplies of greens and vegetables for our tables. He is one of these uncomplaining men that find in their work a real opportunity to serve God.—The thirty first in line is Brother Kilian. Another man of versatility. Ordinarily you could not put a Farm Superintendent into the Kitchen as Chef. Yet, that is what we did with Brother

Kilian, and he is just as good in the Kitchen as he was on the Farm. He makes a real Chef. If you want to know what real work is, try his task of feeding about 550 persons seven days a week.—Now we come again to an Indian Missionary. It is Brother Vital. In spite of his vow of stability he has been in the Abbey, at Belcourt Mission, at MARMION, and now at St. Michael's Indian Mission. He is a Cabinetmaker that knows an exactness in his work that pleases as well as astonishes. We miss him here at home whilst he is making wardrobes and shelves for the Indian Mission School at St. Michael's.—A classmate of Brother Vital's is Brother Felix. Brother Felix has the responsibility of being successor to good Brother Giles. Since last year he has been at St. Michael's Indian Mission in North Dakota where he lends his services to the Missionaries for the benefit of the Indians. May he like Brother Giles win the love and esteem of the Redmen.—Brother Gabriel is our powerful man. He lends his services as Assistant Cook and specializes in making coffee. For this latter task he has at his disposal the large 75 gallon Monel Coffee Urn in our new Kitchen.—Yes, we have some Irish Brothers too. The former Mr. Kelley is our present Brother Raymond. He doesn't have a lot of confidence in himself, but the rest of us have confidence in him. He is Assistant Cook and specializes in preparing the diets for the sick.—Now we come to the Carpenter Shop. Brother Rembert's name is not in our Ordo because he is still a member of the Beuron Abbey. Nevertheless Brother Rembert himself is in our Abbey and Carpenter Shop and has been of invaluable service to us during these past busy years. It doesn't matter what you want in the wood line, Brother Rembert can deliver the article.—His skilled helper is Brother Joseph, a machine expert. When Brother Joseph wants a tool, he doesn't buy it, he makes it. He has wonderful ability especially in operating the lathe and other Carpenter Shop machines.—Perhaps it is talking out of school to say that Brother Hyacinth was here in earlier years when he was a very young man. He grew so homesick that he felt impelled to return to his father and mother. However, after some time at home he in turn grew homesick for the Abbey and earnestly petitioned for readmission. He came back all the wiser for his second contact with the world. Today he is earnestly endeavoring to make a real monk out of himself. His time is spent in assisting Father Raphael, the House Prefect. He is also Assistant Sacristan to Brother Placidus.—Again we come to a typical Irishman. This time it is Brother Bartholomew. He is the Official Nurse of the house, not registered in the State archives, but only in the record of Abbey appointments.—Brother Benno is still a very young man in profession. He has had varied experience in the world, yet it was such as to make him appreciate all the more the advantages of monastic life. He wears the happy smile of a contented man. At present he acts as Socius to the Brother Novices and also stands ready to lend a hand wherever help is most urgently needed.—Forty first and last of the Professed Brothers is Brother Omer. Brother Omer was made most happy yesterday, on the Feast of St. Joseph. That was the day of his profession. Mr. James Weldon chose the name Brother Omer out of deference to Father Omer Eisenman through whose kindly interest he was directed to St. Meinrad's Abbey. Father Omer Eisenman also directed Brother Benno to St. Meinrad. St. Omer (Latin Audomar), Bishop and Benedictine Monk, was Bishop of Therouanne, Apostle of the Morini in Suabia. His feast falls on September 9. He is patron of those who have sore eyes. Let all men wearing "specs" pray to him.—Brother Novice Joseph has finished the half of his Novitiate. There was a time when he studied for the priesthood. But, he felt that he should exchange that goal for the brotherhood in the Religious Life. At the present time he is well on his way towards Profession. May God grant him the perseverance to reach his



desired place in life.—On March 18, just two days ago, two Brother Candidates received the habit. They are now Brother Novice Raymond Carmedy, from Columbus, Ohio and Brother Novice Thomas Lloyd, from Aurora, Illinois. Both these young men have begun most zealously to embrace the Benedictine life.—Lastly we have one Brother Oblate. Mr. Brewer is a man somewhat advanced in years but enjoying good health and ability and willingness to serve God in cloistered life. It was his fervent desire to spend his remaining days in monastic precincts. We are glad to have him with us. This makes the total group of Brothers, Novices, and Oblate 45. To this we must yet add our contingent of Junior Brothers. Of these we have a total of 28. 14 are in first year High and 14 are in second year High. They carry a class schedule of 16 periods a week. Besides this they are engaged in some extra curricular work. They clear off the dishes in the Dining Rooms, wash them, and set the tables. This is a thrice daily job. Twice each week they clean the house they occupy, St. Placid Hall. Now and then they devote some time to landscaping. Of the second year class four are taking Typing and ten are taking Mechanical Drawing. You ought to see some of the neat work they are turning out. In the spiritual line, the Junior Brothers have their own Chapel where, besides Mass and daily Communion they have other spiritual exercises including a ten minute meditation each morning, spiritual reading each evening, and a spiritual conference once a week. Including both Senior Brothers and Junior Brothers we have a total of 73 members. May God bless them. Let us pray that in these days of godlessness in the world amongst so many ranks of persons, God may still attract to Himself in the spiritual life and religious calling chosen souls for the Brother vocation. We are glad to accept more young men if they come to us with upright desire and good qualifications.

Yours most cordially

✠ Ignatius, O. S. B.  
Abbot.

### Books Received

*How to Teach Catechism* by the Rt. Rev. M. A. Schumacher, M. A. Three volumes. Price \$2.00 each. Benziger Bros. New York.

The very fact that in recent years so many educators have taken it upon themselves to write books on the teaching of religion proves how much the methods employed in the past have given cause for concern. Msgr. Schumacher's work will be of great aid to those who still use the catechism of question and answer, especially the so-called Baltimore Catechism. Whilst the work purports to serve as a commentary to the latter text, still, the clear divisions, the rich material, and the extensive index will be helpful in the use of any text or system as a base. The introduction to each volume contains many useful hints for the busy teacher in the classroom. The matter throughout is nicely arranged for cycles. The author injects many moral practices for daily life. However, he links them rather with the liturgy than with the matter in question. Some of the illustrations are striking and novel. Amongst the many excellent explanations are those of the Fourth and Sixth Commandments. Present day terms are fitly employed to make these commandments understood better. The chapter on the Blessed Virgin is well done. These volumes will be a valuable addition to every catechist's library.

A. S.

*The Apostles' Creed* by the Rev. Richard Felix, O. S. B. Rev. Richard Felix, O. S. B. Pilot Grove, Mo. Price \$1.00.

In the last fifty years "Faith of our Fathers" by Cardinal Gibbons did more than any other book to destroy prejudice and bring light to souls seeking the truth about the Catholic Church. Now in 1935 a Benedictine monk, Father Felix, O. S. B. brings out a book on fundamental Catholic doctrine that will do as much good to the inquiring non-Catholic as did "Faith of Our Fathers". Its naive and original plan—a development of the articles of the Apostles' Creed in the light of modern conditions—is the most delightful feature of this popular work.—A copy of it should be at the elbow of every Catholic who needs ready answers for non-Catholic friends. It is not only apologetic in usefulness, but practical for the Religion teacher and the catechist. Every good Catholic knows his Apostles' Creed, but he will not realize how much there is to this ancient and simple confession of faith until he reads Father Felix's "THE APOSTLES' CREED."

W. S.

**The Brothers of Mercy of St. John of God**, who care for and nurse male patients, both in hospitals and in private homes are seeking candidates.

Young men from the age of 17 to 37, who feel themselves called to this noble work, will please apply to the

Novice-master, Brothers of Mercy  
49 Cottage St., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Daughters of Good Families

(18 to 25 years of age)

who have the vocation for a religious life and wish to dedicate themselves to the Divine Heart of Jesus for the *Salvation of Souls* will be received by the Carmelites of the Divine Heart of Jesus, Provincial House, 1214 Kavanaugh pl., Wauwatosa, Wis.

### Our Scholarships

MOTHER OF GOD SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$4050.22. Total: \$4050.22.

ST. JOSEPH SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3664.40. C. H., Ind., 50¢. Total: \$3664.90.

ST. BENEDICT SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3614.21. Total: \$3614.21.

ST. ANTHONY SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3321.84. Mrs. C. S., N. Y., \$2; Mrs. A. M., Ind., \$1. Total: 3324.84.

### Grail Building Fund

Maryland: Miss L. C., \$1.50.

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